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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY

JOHN A. GRAY,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
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The Lessons of Crime:

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN 'EXPERT.'

WE left our guilty and unfortunate prisoner paying the penalty of his misdeeds in the cruel jail of Northampton, where he was absolutely, as the reader will have seen in the conclusion of our last number, almost perishing with hunger. He tells us that he had grown sick of life, and 'hated the very idea of ever again mixing with the world. I longed,' he says, with a touching pathos, 'I *longed* for death, with an impatient ardor: for there *are* situations, in which life is no more sweet: there *are* situations, in which life becomes a burthen — when it is no longer desirable. This was exactly *my* situation. I began to console myself with the hope that my sorrows would soon have an end in the arms of DEATH.'

Matters were in this situation, when one morning Burroughs heard the outer door of his jail loosed from its bolts and bars. The little square window-door looking into his cell was opened, and his name called by the jailer. He made no reply: when another voice pronounced his name — 'STEPHEN!'

It was his uncle, his mother's brother, who had heard of his sufferings, and had come to ameliorate them. They had a long interview, during which the young forger's foolish attempts to break jail were reproved, and 'much good counsel imparted: ' *together with some money,*' which secured him many comforts, and brought about a better state of mind. We have never read a more forcible exposition of the effects of *Hunger* than the following:

'IMMEDIATELY after this, the jailer's wife came into the alley, and told me if I wanted any victuals she would supply me. How this declaration sounded in my ears, you will more readily conceive than I can describe. To have a prospect of a speedy supply of food, again recalled the desire of life. My feelings were in arms, and all the vigor of desire was again re-kindled in my bosom. I told her I wished for something to eat immediately; and on her informing me there was nothing ready dressed, I besought her to fetch me some bread, that I *might be eating while she was making ready something else.* She brought me a brown loaf, weighing about four pounds.

'With what pleasure did I view this precious morsel approaching me! I half devoured it with my eyes, before I got hold of it! How sweet was the taste! how exquisite the pleasure! WARNER laid hold of the loaf and tore away about half the contents. 'Yes,' said I, 'thou fellow-sufferer! eat and be satisfied! the day of bitterness is over: we have the promise again of food, sufficient to supply the calls of Nature!'

The bread was almost instantly gone, but the cries of hunger were not appeased. Soon, however, the wife of the jailer came with strong tea and toast. I was astonished she brought so little, but she understood my situation better than I did myself. We eat up the recruit of food in a moment. I entreated for more, but could not obtain it, under near an hour. When I had received my third portion, and we had eaten it, WARNER began to experience terrible pains in his bowels, and I thought, for some time, he must have expired under the operation.

The same characters, who had made their appearance when I was bound in the manner described, now entered the dungeon again, and to work went hammers and files, and in about half-an-hour I was freed from the terrible load of iron, under which I had groaned for thirty-two days.

When I was liberated from these irons I had almost lost the use of my limbs; my feet would hardly answer my desire for walking, for both of them had been touched with the frost, and the irons on one of my legs had been put on so tight as to cause a swelling, which ended in a sore about six inches long, and which has never yet gotten entirely well.

I was removed out of the dungeon into an upper room, which was much more comfortable than the one I had first occupied. Here I received food as often as once in three hours, through the next day. Yet I could not be satisfied, my appetite was keen as ever, even when I was so full as to prevent me from swallowing more. This continued to be the case for the space of a fortnight longer, when I found my appetite regulated upon the common scale of eating.

The uncle wrote to Burrough's father, telling him in what condition he had found his son, and how had left him, explaining that he was presently going as a member to the General Assembly at Boston, and should no longer be able to look after him.

Upon the receipt of this letter, Burroughs Senior wrote to a friend in Northampton to 'pay attention to Stephen's needs, at his cost;' but that 'friend' thought, or *wished* it to be thought, that the letter was a forgery, and so 'paid no attention to it:' 'so that,' says Burroughs, 'the report was soon circulated, that I had forged a letter in my father's name, and sent it to one of his old and confiding friends!' What a comment is this upon the influence of a 'Bad Name!'

Burroughs little heeded his uncle's remonstrance against attempting to 'break jail.' With the aid of a fellow-prisoner, named Phillips, an adroit prison-breaker and burglar, he begins to renew his 'operations for liberty,' which are, however, constantly frustrated by another prisoner named Hinds, who, while pretending to be their confident and friend, and from whom he has received several important favors, yet reports every thing he over-hears of their 'operations' to the jailer. Some of these attempts are not exceeded by any thing in 'Baron Trenck.' For example: They have been trying to escape through the pump into a vault below, and so through the foundation-wall to the outside: but Hinds has reported them to the keeper: when

'In the afternoon, the jailer came into my room, and the blacksmith with him, and after taking up our pump, placed two bars of iron over the hole, and spiked them to the timber. This, I thought, was an effectual security against our ever

again getting into the vault. But no sooner was the jailer gone, than PHILLIPS showed me how mistaken I was in my conjectures. Not more than six minutes after their departure, before we had all the irons loosed from their place: and that was effected in this manner, namely, we took the chain that was around my leg and put it under one of the iron bars, and fetching it round, fastened it together over the bar, with a key made of one of the links. After this was done, we took an oaken bench, about ten feet long, made of a slab, as much as four inches thick in the middle, and put the end of this bench into the bight of the chain; placing it in such a manner as to gain a great purchase, we lifted the bar in an instant, drawing out the spikes with ease.

‘Immediately upon the setting in of night, we again went to work, but had not continued many minutes before the outer door of the jail opened, and in came a number of people, and passing our door, went up to the prisoners over-head. Here HINDS had an opportunity of giving the hint to the jailer, that he had something to communicate to him. Therefore, after the people had finished their business with the prisoners, the jailer took HINDS out into the alley, and there learned that we had broken again into the vault. Upon this information, the jailer came into the room, and removed all the prisoners into the dungeon, excepting myself, being in irons, so securely confined, that he remained at ease with regard to me.

‘After all matters were again settled, I silently let myself out of irons, went down into the vault, and wrought hard all night. By morning I had dug through the under-pinning, gotten outside the jail, and all that remained now, was to break through the frozen ground, which was about eighteen inches, as I conjectured. I thought my operations through this night, had been so silent, as to prevent a discovery from any one; but I was mistaken. The least noise in the vault, sounded strong through the pumps; these being the only apertures, through which the sound could escape: therefore, its whole force was carried in one direction.’

Hinds hears the noise, and reports to the jailer, as usual:

‘About ten o’clock in the morning, the jailer, attended with his blacksmiths, came into the dungeon, and removed the prisoners back again into my room. They searched the dungeon, with a great degree of care, to see whether the prisoners had broken through into the vault, but not finding any breach, they were at a loss to account for the report of HINDS, not conceiving it possible for me to be the person, owing to my irons. However, after a while, they came into my room, and searching the irons around my leg, they discovered the deception, seeing at once with what ease I could take my irons off my leg when I wished. They then searched the iron bars, which had been spiked to the floor, and found them pulled up. They looked at me with a stare of astonishment, not conceiving how it was possible for such a thing to be effected with what tools we had.

‘The blacksmith retired, and in about an hour returned, bringing with him an iron bar of twice the magnitude of the former, and six spikes, about twelve inches in length, and ragged in such a manner, as to prevent a bare possibility of their ever being drawn. This iron bar he placed across the hole, and with a heavy sledge drove in the spikes, looking round exultingly on me, saying: ‘BURROUGHS, if you get down here again, I’ll come and take your place.’ After he had driven in his spikes and put all things in order, he came and examined my irons, and fastened them on again, so as to prevent my getting loose, as he vainly boasted.

‘I now lost all hopes of liberty, by that method which we had been pursuing, viewing it impossible ever to get the iron from across the hole, if I should get free from my irons around my leg; but again I was taught to admire the vast ability of PHILLIPS; for before the outer door of the jail was locked, I was freed from my irons, and the bar across the hole was torn away. This was done while the jailer was shutting, bolting, and locking the doors; so that the noise which we made might be so blended with his noise, that it should not be distinguished by the prisoners over-head, namely, ROON and HINDS, in such a manner as to lead to a discovery. This had the desired effect. Not the least suspicion was entertained of our operations, so quick was PHILLIPS in seeing every advantage which opportunities offered, for the prosecution of our purpose.

‘However, I found all the abilities, which appertained to PHILLIPS, were set down to my credit, so strongly were all possessed with the opinion, that I was the soul

of every enterprise of such a nature. And from the efforts which he made in this room, many were of the opinion that I had preternatural assistance. For, say they: 'No irons will hold him, and no fortification will stand against him.'

'You will be curious, Sir, I presume, to learn the method by which we effected such a surprising feat, in so short a time, as to liberate me from irons, and tear away the huge iron bar which was spiked so strongly across our pump-hole. This I will give you a description of.

'You will recollect that one end of my chain was fastened to the floor, the other end around my leg, the length about ten feet; and the ring about my leg was flat and an inch larger in diameter than my leg. Making the chain into a ring by the before-mentioned process, we ran the end of our oaken bench into it, and placed the ring which was around my leg under the bench, and bent it down tight to my leg; then turned it one quarter round and bent it back again; this we repeated three or four times, and the ring broke. We immediately after this hoisted the bolt confining the chain, by the same process.

'After all, we took up the pump, and fixed our chain around the iron on the pump-hole, as formerly, and proceeded again according to the same plan. I thought it a piece of madness to think of drawing these spikes, and made observations to that amount. PHILLIPS paid no attention to what I remarked, but pursued his plan: and when we all jumped on to the bench, to pry up the iron bar, the heads of the spikes flew off in a moment; the bar was torn from its place, and the whole jail trembled.

'I now considered my escape as certain, having nothing but the frozen ground to break through, which I expected to effect in the course of an hour. Therefore, when night progressed so far in her course as to carry people generally to their beds, we all stripped, and went down into the vault, with as much silence as possible, that we might keep ROOD and HINDS in ignorance of our operations; but this we found impossible. We soon heard them take off the cover from their pump, and listen to the noise in the vault. However, as we soon expected to make our escape, we did not so much dread their hearing us at work, not expecting they could give any information to the jailer till next morning, when we should be far from his restraining power.

'We were vigorous in our operations, till we had broken the frozen ground, so as to discern the snow; I communicated this circumstance to WARNER, who was near me, and he imprudently, in the warmth of his feelings, told one near him, that in ten minutes we should be at liberty. This he spoke so loud as to be heard by ROOD and HINDS.

'They hearing this, immediately called to the jailer, and informed him that we were breaking out. The alarm flew rapidly; people gathered into the jail-yard with lanterns, and discovered the hole, which was almost large enough for a man to pass through, while others entered the jail, and turned us all into the dungeon.'

All these attempts at escape proved fruitless: and word was brought to the prisoners, on the first of January, that they were to be removed to Castle-Island, in Boston Harbor, there to be confined at 'Hard Labor!' They were soon taken away:

'EARLY one morning, a number of deputy sheriffs came into the jail, and bade us prepare for our journey to the Castle. They chained the prisoners two together, placing the chain about one leg of each, then put them into a sleigh, and drove off.

'When I came to breathe a pure air, and to contrast the prospect of surrounding objects with the gloomy mansions which I had left, you cannot conceive the ardor of my feelings for liberty. Every object which my eyes beheld was a loud proclaimer of my miserable state.

'Oh!' said I to myself, 'could I run about like yonder little boy, who regardless of his privilege, loses its enjoyment, then should I feel like the lark, that, escaped from its cage, flits into the air, and claps its wings for joy. I wondered people should feel so indifferent about my situation. I equally wondered at their not skipping with joy, because they were at liberty themselves. I thought if they had known the feelings of my heart, they would have arisen to a man, and

granted me that liberty which my heart so ardently panted after. It appeared to me sometimes, that the sensations of my mind must be *apparent* to them, and that under this circumstance, they would actually grant me relief. Yet, in the bitterness of my soul, I found these ideas all chimerical.'

As the felon-company travelled through the country, they attracted great curiosity — especially Burroughs, whose fame had gone out before him, he says, into all the surrounding region. At length, however, after many scenes, which were newer and more impressive to prisoners, just temporarily liberated from a long confinement in a loathsome jail, than they would be to our readers, they arrived at Castle-Island, by the way of Boston, where, Burroughs says, they 'gave them derisive cheers' onward to their new prison-house — the 'Blackwell's Island' of that neighborhood.

When Burroughs first came upon the Island, there were but sixteen prisoners, the most of whom were kept at work in the blacksmith's shop.

Their fare, judging from 'prison-fare' at Boston, (Charlestown,) Sing-Sing, and Auburn, was not scant: 'one pound of good, well-baked bread, of good, fresh, wholesome flour, and three-fourths of a pound of good, *substantial* meat,' being the 'ration for the day.' Perhaps the most '*substantial*' meat would have been an 'outside cut' from a Mississippi Alligator, or a rump-steak from a Rhinoceros.

But of the *fare* there was little complaint. They had no Northampton experience of hunger: they desired *liberty*. After being immured in the 'Castle,' they endeavored to obtain it: in the first case, as follows: and we doubt if any reader, placing himself in the prisoner's place for the time being, will fail to be impressed with the naturalness and force of the narrative:

'IMMEDIATELY after my confinement on the island, I began to look about to see whether a possibility for escaping remained. I viewed the building in which I was confined. It was made of bricks, the walls of which were five feet thick, laid in cement, which was much harder than the bricks themselves.

'I searched every corner for a spot upon which I could work, without detection, our room being searched every day, to see whether the prisoners had made any attempt to break away. I at length hit upon a place. There was a chimney at one end of our room, grated in a very strong manner, about twelve feet above its funnel, which was sufficiently large for a man to go up. About three feet above the mantel-piece of this fire-place, I concluded to begin my operation. Here I could work, and not have my labors discovered, unless very critical search was made up the chimney. I had not been at work long, before I had made a beginning of a hole sufficiently large to crawl through; I then took a board, and blacking it like the chimney-back, made it of the proper size, and put it into the hole, so that the strictest search could produce no discovery.

'The prisoners in the room with me were seven in number. These prisoners were all turned out to work about sun-rise, when the doors of the prison were again shut, and not opened again until twelve o'clock, when the prisoners came from work, and continued half an hour: they were then taken back again to work, and there remained until sun-set. Therefore, I had as much as sixteen hours in the twenty-four, in which I could work upon this brick wall, which work I continued with the most unremitting attention.

'The labor was incredible! I could in the first place work only with a large nail — rubbing away the bricks gradually, not daring to make the least noise, lest the sentries, who stood round the prison, should over-hear me at work, and

I thereby become discovered. One night I rubbed the bricks so hard as to be over-heard by the sentry standing on the other side of the wall. The alarm was immediately given, and the guard and officers rushed into the room, to detect us in our operations. Fortunately, I over-heard the sentry tell the sergeant of the guard, that BURROUGHS was playing the devil in the jail. The sergeant ran to inform the officers, and I had but just time to put my board in its place, and set down to greasing my shoes, when the officers entered, and with a great degree of sternness inquired, where I had been at work? I told them that I had been rubbing some hard soot off the chimney, and grinding it fine, to mix with the grease, and put on to my shoes. They laughed at my nicety about my shoes, that I should wish for slick, shining shoes, in this situation.

Major PERKINS, commandant-in-chief, knowing my inattentiveness to dress, could not so readily believe that blacking my shoes was the only object in view: he therefore made a very strict search for some other matter, which should account for the noise the sentry had heard; but, after a fruitless pursuit of such an object, they gave over their search; concluding that one among the thousand strange whims which marked my character, had prompted me to set about blacking my shoes at that time.

After they were gone, I felt as strong a disposition to laugh at them for the deception under which they were laboring, as they did, while present, to laugh at me, for the whim of greasing and blacking my shoes.

This temporary check was of the utmost importance in my further prosecution of this business. It made me more careful for the future, not to pursue my labors with too much impatient impetuosity, a failing I ever was subject to.

The prisoners in the room were merry on the occasion of my turning the suspicion of the officers so entirely from the real object, to another very foreign from it. They thought it a manifestation of ability. In fine, I had gained such an ascendancy over the prisoners, that they implicitly gave up to my opinion in all our little matters: and more particularly when any contentions arose among them, I generally succeeded in amicably terminating the difficulty without their proceeding to blows.

I determined to be more careful in prosecuting my labor on the wall, for the future, and check that impatience which often hurried me on beyond the dictates of prudence. I now wrought with the greatest caution, and made slow but sure advances. After I had been employed in this business about a week, I found I could work to greater advantage if I had a small iron crow; therefore, I ordered one of the prisoners, who wrought in the shop, to make me one, about a foot long, and sharp at one end. This he found an opportunity to do, undiscovered by the overseer, and brought it to me.

I found that with this crow, I could pry off half a brick at a time, without the least noise, after I had worn a hole with my nail sufficiently large to thrust in my crow. The rubbish which I took out of the wall, I put, every night, into a tub standing in the room for necessary occasions, and this was emptied by one of the prisoners, every morning, into the water.

After I had labored with unceasing assiduity for two months, I found one night, after I had pried away a brick, that I could run my arm out of the prison into the open air. This circumstance made my heart leap with joy. After such a length of labor, to find my toils crowned with such apparent success, gave me a tone of pleasure of which you can have no idea.

Upon examination, I found the breach through the wall was just below a covered way, so that it would remain unseen in the day-time, unless discovered by some accident. I had measured the height of the covered way by a geometrical operation, not being permitted to come near it: and this was done with an instrument made by my pen-knife. That pen-knife which had done me such excellent service in Northampton jail.

When the prisoners saw my measurement was exact, their idea of my profound knowledge was greatly raised; and they appeared to entertain the most sanguine assurance that their liberty was certain, when their operations were directed under my auspices.

After I had found the hole through the wall was entirely secreted by the covered-way, I proceeded to make it sufficiently large to pass through.

'After all this was accomplished, one difficulty still remained. The sentry standing on the covered-way would undoubtedly hear us in going out of this hole: and moreover, if we should be so fortunate as to get, unheard, into the covered-way, yet we must come out of that, within five feet of the place where he stood, and therefore could not prevent a discovery.

'Under these circumstances, we found it necessary to lie quiet, until some rainy night should remove the sentry from his stand on the covered-way, to some place of shelter. This was generally the case, when the weather was foul or uncomfortable, unless some special cause should detain him to this particular spot. I recollect that soon after the officers had found me blacking my shoes with soot, the sentinels kept their post invariably on the covered-way in every kind of weather; but they had by this time become more at ease in their feelings, and consequently would, at such time, retire into an alley leading through the bomb-proof.'

END OF PART SECOND.

LINES: DREARILY FALLS THE SNOW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DREARILY falleth the snow to-day:
 Falling so sadly, while the winds, madly
 Dashing and splashing
 The feathery spray,
 Sobbing and sighing, and anon screaming,
 With all the seeming
 Of a lost soul that in agony lies:
 Speak to us fearfully,
 Earnestly, tearfully,
 Of squalid hovels, where penury grovels,
 And sighing so wearily, languishing drearily,
 Curses and freezes and dies.

Oh! 't is a pity! in this great city
 Are many houses, in which carouses
 DEATH, with his friends, WANT and SIN:
 And though may enter the cold winds of winter,
 Yet Christians and food go not in:

O cold Humanity!
 Almost inanity
 In the kind acts that should grace Christianity:
 Quickly now heed their cries,
 While yet they need supplies:
 Warm them and feed them, and quickly give drink to them!
 For, oh! ye will heed them, and earnestly think of them,
 If ye neglect them in hunger and sin:
 When at the Judgment day
 Ye hear them fiercely say:
 'We were strangers, and ye took us not in!'

LINES: IN MEMORY OF 'OLLAPOD.'

I.

Time's golden sands have marked the lapse of years:
 Years of alternate pleasure, toil, and pain:
 Since first thy thoughts to mine, 'mid smiles and tears,
 In all their peerless beauty freshly came.

II.

And as, to-day, my memory backward strays
 Along the brilliant track thy fancy trod,
 Ah, me! how poorly can poetic praise
 Invest the spirit wafted home to God!

III.

Gone, son of Genius! noble soul of mirth,
 In the bright blazon of thy perfect fame:
 Gone from the dear delights of home and earth,
 While all rejoiced to hear and speak thy name.

IV.

Farewell! thou white-robed dweller of the Land
 Where all the sons of God in glory shine,
 Full-orbed, eternal, faultless, radiant, grand:
 Farewell! — and may *our* brows be wreathed like *thine*!

V.

The heaven's blue arch may glow with living fire,
 And yet one star amid its azure dome —
 One star, to which our thoughts and hopes aspire —
 Be missed: that precious one we call our own!

VI.

E'en so the Gifted in the world of light,
 Illumined by the soul's ethereal ray,
 Shine with a lustre beautifully bright,
 Then suddenly forever pass away.

VII.

Departed glory of my star-lit morn,
 Effulgent orb that crowned life's cloudless noon,
 How do I miss thee, in the calm or storm,
 That *now* controls my being's light or gloom!

VIII.

And as, to-day, fond Memory backward strays,
 Along the brilliant track thy fancy trod;
 Ah! me, how vain this tribute of *my* praise,
 To woo thee back to earth, at home with God!

Kalamazoo, (Mich.), Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The Battle of Von Blannese.

A FRAGMENT FROM OUR MESS.

BY FOXHALL A. PARKER.

. . . AFTER the song, our second lieutenant—a young man of poetical temperament, with reddish hair, pink whiskers, and bottle-green coat—hemmed thrice, and giving the tails of the aforesaid bottle-green a strong sheer to starboard, commenced to edify us after this fashion:

For months had the river Weser been blockaded by a Danish squadron, to the no small detriment of Bremen and Bremerhaven, when news was brought to these mighty cities of the near-coming to their waters of the United States Frigate *San Lorenzo*:

‘Doubtless,’ quoth the burgomaster of Bremen, laying his right fore-finger significantly on the very tip end of his German nose, ‘to take part with us against these accursed Danes!’

‘Yaw, Mynheer: dat ish more petter ash goot!’ replied his brother burgomaster of the Haven.

And so the news went abroad that the Yankees were about to give the Danes a dressing, and was every where received with the wildest demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm.

The authorities of Bremen decreed that in honor of their expected guests, no language but the English should be spoken or written in any place within their jurisdiction for the space of a whole year.

The syndics of Bremen passed three sleepless nights in preparing a congratulatory oration for the strangers, wherein they boldly asserted that Slavery was a most excellent institution ‘for the propagation of niggers and tobacco,’ and Monongahela whiskey ‘a far healthier and better drink than lager bier, any day of the seven.’

The ladies of Bremen nearly worked their finger-ends off in making a star-spangled banner of fabulous dimensions, out of Mandarin-satin; while the musicians of Bremen became quite broken-winded in a vain attempt to play Yankee Doodle with the Christy variations.

Things were in this state when the *San Lorenzo*, freighted with myself among others, and going at the rate of twelve knots the hour, was hailed off Heligoland by a Bremen pilot-boat:

‘Shtop her! shtop her! Mynheer Captain,’ cried pilot Number One. ‘Shtop her! shtop her!’ cried pilot Number Two. And ‘Shtop her! shtop her!’ cried a whole chorus of pilots as loud as they could squeak.

So the main top-sail was laid to the mast, and the *San Lorenzo shtopped*, until the fattest and ruddiest of the pilots had clambered

up the ship's side, when we braced full again, and headed for Bremerhaven.

'Donner and blixen, but de schiff ish la-r-ge!' exclaimed the man of 'deeps' and 'marks,' as he reached the quarter-deck, and cast an alarmed look forward and aloft: 'Donner and blixen! but she's more pigger ash la-r-ge!'

'Never mind her size, my man,' said the first lieutenant, endeavoring to reassure him; 'she's a beauty in stays, and steers like your own lugger there.'

Yet, nothing comforted, the Bremener took his station in the weather gang-way, murmuring to himself every little while, as the quarter-masters reported the soundings: 'Mein eysh! but de shand-banks ish plenty, and de schiff, by dam! more pigger ash a wein-keller.'

His fears, however, proved to be *groundless*, since we anchored off Bremerhaven without scraping the ground once.

Here all was excitement bordering on madness; the speech of the syndics, and the presentation by the ladies of their banner, being merely the advanced guards of a series of balls, concerts, and dinners, that threatened to be the death of the San Lorenzos; when, simultaneously with the arrival in the Weser of five fine steam-frigates, purchased in England and the United States for the German Navy, the fact got wind, that our Government was on quite as good terms with Denmark as with the Hanse-towns; whereupon, all sounds of revelry ceased at once, and the staid Bremeners, giving up champagne and Havanas, again took to their pipes and their lager.

And now finding that they must rely upon themselves for protection against the Dane, they began seriously to think of officering their squadron, and particularly of making choice of a Commodore to command it, who should lead his followers on to victory after victory, until—O German Nelson!—he stood amid the ashes of Copenhagen.

Many, as may be supposed, were the competitors for this high office; but, from the first, the struggle for it rested with Baron Von Blaunase, a plethoric Prussian who had seen service, and Jack Barker, the master of the San Lorenzo; a little black-eyed fellow, much given to reading Don Quixote, and *breezing* the women; who, under a placid exterior, concealed a somewhat ardent temperament, and was quite fool enough, at that time, to 'seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth.'

And sooth to say, it seemed quite 'on the cards' for Barker to win; for not only were all the women of Bremen on his side, but a majority of the men too; and when after a long discussion of the relative merits of the rival candidates, the 'Town Council' invited 'our man' to deliver an address before their Honorable Body, on Navies in general, and the German Navy in particular, I considered he had a 'sure thing' of it, and, accepting the flag-captaincy under him, forthwith attached myself to his suite.

Thus it happened that I was by his side when he 'spoke his

speech,' and never shall I forget the sensation it produced. Beginning with the ark, which he clearly demonstrated to be 'nothing more nor less than a wall-sided clipper-ship, of extraordinary capacity,' the orator gave a brief but comprehensive sketch of all the navies of antiquity, glancing cursorily at the voyages of Scylax and Nearchus, and portraying in glowing colors the shipwreck of the great Germanicus and his army on 'these very shores.' And coming down to our own times, he dwelt with great emphasis on the destruction, by the English, of the Danish fleet, significantly remarking: 'What *has* been done may readily be done again. And now, O wise men of Bremen!' he cried, in conclusion, 'last, but not least, comes the German navy—the hope of the oppressed of the earth!—the rising-star of European liberty!—concerning which, I trust it will not be considered presumptuous in me to offer you a few words of counsel and admonition. Abjuring, then, contractors and the contract-system, as you would 'the devil and all his works,' let your vessels be built of wood—gopher-wood I would suggest, as likely to last longer and *go further* than any other—in Government dock-yards, on the banks of your own classic Weser: and that they may be a little in advance of the 'whole world and the rest of mankind,' let their motive-power be placed *not* amidships, like the common steam-boat's; not *astern*, like a *school-boy's* or a propeller's; but forward, gentlemen, forward, *chock in the eyes of them!* since it cannot have escaped the subtilty of the German brain, I think, that if by any means the bow of a vessel can be made to go through the water, the stern, in nine cases out of ten, will be sure to follow after it. And your ships being constructed of the material and on the plan which I have advised, the question that naturally presents itself to your enlightened minds is, What batteries shall they carry? To which, I unhesitatingly reply: Let their guns be few in number, but of the highest possible calibre, so that when a Danish 'fifty,' confident of victory, runs alongside of a German 'nine,' she may find she has encountered a wolf in sheep's clothing—a tiger in disguise!'

He ceased, and the whole council-chamber rung with applause, while many a worthy burgher grasped his brother burgher by the hand, and, hoarse with emotion, whispered in his ear: 'Mein Faderland, mein Faderland! what a future for our Germany! De wolf mit de sheep's clothes on! De tiger mit his guise!'

As soon as the commotion had subsided somewhat, Barker received and accepted an invitation to accompany a party of Bremeners, at an early hour the next morning, 'on a tour of inspection to the gun-boats of the German Navy,' and then left 'the presence' 'to go home and turn in,' as he said, while I threaded my way to the wein-keller, in company with a half-dozen of the San Lorenzos, who were bent on having 'a comfortable time' of it. Of all that transpired that night at the keller, I am free to confess, mess-mates, I have not a very clear recollection; but what I do remember distinctly is, that as I was staggering out of it, about

sun-rise the next morning, with a highly respectable 'load on,' I suddenly brought up all standing against Barker, who, with a bottle of hockheimer in each hand, and a round-faced 'gal' on each arm, was just making his way into it.

'Good Heavens, Barker!' I exclaimed, for the sight of him had completely sobered me, 'what are you doing here? Have you forgotten that you are to be off in less than an hour to inspect the gun-boats?'

But I might as well have spoken to a stone, gentlemen; for if my amiable friend possessed a weakness in the world, that weakness was an uncontrollable *penchant* for wine and women: so without deigning to make me a reply, he seated himself on the cellar-floor, and dragging his fair companions into his lap, commenced singing for their and my edification:

'T was on the twenty-fifth of November,
When the 'MARY' she set sail,
With as stout an old commander
As ever weathered a gale.
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Faddle dum me ding, me di do:
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Dingum, dingum di do!'

The name of the unfortunate queen who was so outrageously diddled by the Trojan was still lingering on the lips of the singer, when, to my inexpressible horror and mortification, in popped the Minister of the German Marine, accompanied by the burgomaster of Bremen, and a host of other worthies, who, not finding Barker at his hotel, had tracked him (as I afterward learned) from one drinking-place to another, until they finally lit upon him here.

'Ah! mein friend!' said one of the new-comers — a certain Mynheer Pretzel, who spoke English fluently — 'we have found you at last, eh? Now for the gun-boats!'

But without heeding the interruption, Barker went on with:

'THE Capt'ing's only dater,
Six maidings clinging reöund;
Sich shrieks and skries, they rent the skies,
When the 'MA-ry' she went deöwn!
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Faddle dum me ding, me di do:
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Dingum, dingum di do!'

'Shall we not be off now, mein dear friend?' cried Pretzel, valiantly returning to the attack, as he saw that Barker was about tuning his pipes for another effort: 'Shall we not be off now for the inspection?'

'Avant! begone! vile caitiffs that ye are!' bellowed the master, now rising to his feet, with a magisterial air:

'HAVE things, then, come to such a pretty pass,
That a man must leave his bottle and his lass —
His bottle and his lass, all for to go afloat
With some German sour-krouts, in a German gun-boat?'

‘But, mein freund,’ said the burgomaster persuasively, ‘the hour grows late, and we have a long ride before us.’

‘The ride be hanged!’ retorted Jack, who was evidently growing pugnacious in his cups. ‘I find the liquor here to my taste, and these ladies to my liking, so I shan’t shift my berth for the next twenty-four hours: you may bet your life on that, you old buggermaster, you!’

‘Wine ish goot, and de wimmensh ish goot,’ here interposed the Minister of Marine, who was noted for his fondness for both; ‘but dare ish a time for all t’ings, mein very goot friend, and dis ish de time for de gun-boats.’

As he thus spoke, he laid his hand on Barker’s shoulder, who, thinking, in his insane condition, that his Excellency was about to commit an assault and battery on him, instantly commenced divesting himself of his coat and waist-coat, at the same time informing me that ‘the thing was out,’ (an usual expression of his when he was about clearing ship for action,) and calling with all his lungs: ‘San Lorenzos to the rescue!’

Then rushing furiously upon the astounded Germans, who were by this time in full retreat for the upper regions, he broke one of his bottles over the head of the minister, and the other across the back of his sworn friend, the good old burgomaster of Bremen; after which, seating himself astride on a beer-barrel, he insultingly called out: ‘Three cheers, boys, for Yankee-land, and may the devil fly away with the German gun-boats!’

It was all in vain, mess-mates, said the second lieutenant, mournfully, that three days after this lamentable occurrence, I called upon the minister and burgomaster in their beds, to apologize for my friend’s conduct. Prussian stock had risen to a fabulous figure, while Yankee credit was *nowhars*; and Baron Von Blauuase, or ‘Old Blue-nose,’ as Barker ever afterward maliciously called him — he, and no other, took command of the ‘squadron mit der Weser!’

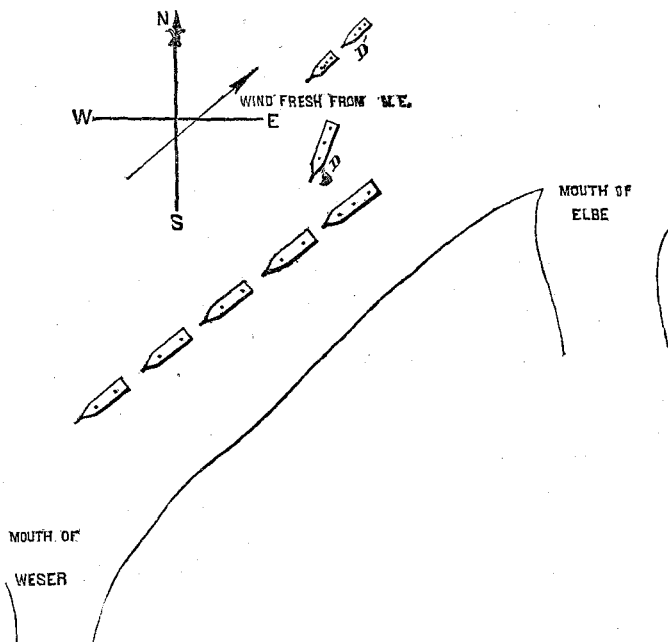
And now the note of war-like preparation was sounded in good earnest aboard the German vessels, whose crews, with very long pipes in their mouths and very short cutlasses in their belts, were daily exercised at the great guns, and in ‘boarding’ and ‘repelling boarders,’ until they became the admiration of all beholders, when of a sudden the bold Baron announced to his officers his intention of putting to sea, in defiance of the Dane, and proceeding up the Elbe (the mouth of which river is about twenty miles distant from that of the Weser) to the city of Hamburg. Accordingly he ‘dropped down’ the Weser one dark, stormy afternoon, and as soon as night had spread her sable mantle over the sea, pushed bravely out among the foe, arriving in Hamburg the next morning, with drums beating and colors flying, amid a deafening roar of artillery from every fort and fortress in that vicinity.

From here he dispatched a special messenger to the Minister of Marine, giving all the particulars of his cruise, and reporting that ‘although he had steered boldly seaward, in hopes of bringing the enemy to an engagement, yet had he not been able to catch a

glimpse of a single one of his vessels; from which fact he argued, that hearing of his coming, he had raised the blockade and fled the coast.'

Great was the joy produced by this information throughout Germany; it was heightened ten-fold when a few days afterward it was followed by the announcement that 'Commodore Von Blauuase was again scouring the seas in quest of the northern sea-devils.'

But in order that future generations may have a correct idea of the awful conflict which ensued, I have taken the trouble to make a diagram of the German vessels in their order of sailing, at the precise moment when they were attacked by the enemy, to which I now beg leave, fellows, to call your most particular attention. Here the lieutenant laid this diagram on the table :



around which all the ward-room officers eagerly gathered, and then went on with his narration, as follows :

The four first vessels (each mounting five eight-inch guns, and carrying a hundred men) are, respectively, the 'See-Wolf,' Captain Von Donks, the 'Blixen,' Captain Von Sprutzel, the 'Donderfunk,' Captain Von Tassel, and the 'Dogger,' Captain Von Moder, while bringing up the rear, comes the Commodore's flag-ship, the magnificent 'City of Bremen,' with nine ten-inch *paixhans*, and three hundred and fifty 'blue-jackets,' each of whom could knock off his gallon of lager a day, without reeling.

They had left the Elbe on a certain bright October morning,

and were about mid-way between it and the Weser, when the report of a gun, followed immediately by the whizzing sound of a shot passing in close proximity to his head, made Commodore Von Blaunase jump three feet in the air, with the exclamation: 'Der Teufel!'

'That little fellow is a bold one and no mistake, Commodore!' cried his first lieutenant, a bluff Englishman, of the name of Brown, pointing to a Danish sloop-of-war (D) that had just come within range on the starboard quarter: 'Now all we have to do is to put the helm a-port, run across his bows, and pour a raking fire into him; and, my word for it, in less than a minute he won't have a stick left standing.'

'Nein, nein, mein brav boy,' hurriedly exclaimed the Commodore; 'there are zwei other schiffs (D¹) in ter offing, and dem Danes ish der teufel on a sea-fight!'

'Why, this steamer alone is more than a match for all three of them, for they carry nothing but pop-guns,' said Brown, bluntly. 'You surely do n't mean to make a run of it, Commodore?'

'Run? to be sure, mynheer Brown, run like de very old Harrish!'

So saying, he ordered general signal, 939 — 'run between me and the enemy' — to be made to the squadron, and then sending for his chief-engineer, Mr. Peters, he directed him to fire up like forty on all the furnaces.

'We are carrying thirty pounds of steam now, Sir,' said this important functionary, 'which is full as much as the boilers will bear.'

'Fire up, fire up, Mishter Peter! de boilersh musht bear it! Fire up quick, I shay, or dem Dansh will have us!'

'If we carry but a single pound more,' answered Peters, who, like Brown, was an Englishman, and dying for a brush, 'we shall all be blown up, Sir, I do assure you!'

'Der teufel you say!' exclaimed the Commodore. 'If we carrish steam, den de boilersh will bursht, and we shall go up into de airsh, like a rocket, and if we don't carrish steam, den de big shots of de Dansh will catch us, and we shall go down like lead in de watersh. Dis ish a nish pickle, to be shure! O mein vrow! mein —'

Here a shot taking effect in the starboard wheel-house so alarmed the Baron, that, without finishing his speech, he made a precipitate retreat to his cabin, leaving his flag-captain in command of the vessel, who, being quite as averse to the smell of powder as his superior, soon succeeded in getting the good 'City of Bremen' out of harm's way; not, however, before Brown had thrown a shell aboard the pursuing sloop, which, bursting amidships, came near causing her total destruction. As the poor fellow was about repeating the favor, though, his head was taken off by an unmannerly round-shot, after which no one aboard the Bremen thought of aught but saving his own bacon.

During the whole of this terrific combat of the flag-ship, the signal 939 was kept flying at her mainmast-head, and various were the comments upon it by the commanders of the other steamers.

'Der shignals ish all wrong!' exclaimed Captain Von Donks; 'he musht mean to run like ter teufel for der Weser!'

'Von Donks ish steering de right coorse,' said old Sprutzel; 'steer right after him, mein good pilot!'

Von Tassel swore that he was too good a seaman to run between a shot and the Commodore's nobility; while Von Moder, crowding all sail to assist the engines, muttered something to himself which sounded very like: 'Now for a fair rashe, and may der teufel catch de hindmost.'

So, each one on his own hook, they made the best time on record, from their starting-place to Bremerhaven; whence, after a long consultation with his officers, the Baron forwarded a wondrous account of his doings, to the Minister, in which he stated, that after being engaged 'for nine mortal hours, with the whole power of the Dane,' he had succeeded in utterly destroying 'two of his frigates and a very heavily-armed sloop;' that the exact loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, it was of course quite impossible to ascertain, but that it might be safely put down, he thought, 'as between thirteen and thirty-five hundred.'

In conclusion, he dwelt pathetically on the death of poor Brown, and his own narrow escape 'from some wheel-house splinters,' and then called the attention of his Excellency to the reports of his captains, which he characterized as being '*strongly imbued with the modesty of true courage.*'

Five days after the penning of this dispatch, Commodore Von Blaunase, 'for his gallantry,' was created Lord High Admiral of the German Navy. Balls were given to him, and swords and services of plate presented, while each bright night for more than a month, on both banks of the Weser could be seen, in letters of fire, Von Blaunase! Von Blaunase! Von Blaunase!

Such, gentlemen, as I have narrated them, said the lieutenant, impressively, were the incidents of the battle of Von Blaunase — a battle which, *with the solitary exception of that of San José, is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of naval warfare.*

OCCIDENTE: A FRAGMENT

How coldly sets this winter sun;
The bitter day is well-nigh done;
Forlorn December fares, with one
Sad smile of last regret.

Thus from thy brief and wintry day,
O Soul! the sun-shine ebbs away:
Thus falls on thee the frozen ray,

That fingers wanly yet,
Thus dies — how fringed with icy gold,
The clouds above yon mountain rolled!
Behind whose summit, dark and cold,
This winter sun has set.

H. H. R.

S T A N Z A S : ' P H A N T O M S . '

THERE are phantoms here, there are phantoms there,
 There are phantoms, PHANTOMS every where :
 Alike in the hall, alike on the hearth,
 In the crowded street, or the woodland path.

Man, woman, and child — each breathing thing,
 Hath been brushed on the cheek by some phantom-wing :
 Hath been roused from a dream with a sudden start,
 As some shadowy phantom swept o'er its heart !

'T is but one of the strange, strange mysteries
 That beyond our mortal vision lies :
 Beyond our vision, yet ever near,
 Which we dread to meet and learn to fear.

O'er the sleeping babe one is flitting now,
 And it casteth a shade on the innocent brow :
 'T is a phantom that rose from the mists that lie
 On his Future's path from a troubled sky.

There's a phantom that lurks in the eye's unrest,
 And enters the heart an unbidden guest :
 As the youth casts a glance at the long, long day
 That before his Future spreads away.

There's a phantom that sweeps by the laughing maiden,
 With a half-formed sigh is its hot breath laden :
 And it leaves a sweet, undefinable sadness,
 Where it found a fountain of gushing gladness.

There are phantoms that cloud stern Manhood's heart,
 That from Life's foul marshes and fens up-start :
 And point, with a shudder of wearisome wo,
 To the tides of passion that ebb and flow.

And they cast a mournfully-leadened hue
 O'er that Mother's eye that was once so blue :
 And hasten the fall of those gushing tears
 From a MOTHER'S heart, and a MOTHER'S fears.

And the rush of their wings sweeps the silvered hair
 On the brow of the aged and wan with care :
 And a hollow whisper breathes of the gloom
 Of the short, rough way to the darksome tomb.

Through every path in our weary earth,
 In manhood and childhood — at death and birth,
 There are PHANTOMS that darken the brightest glade
 With their bodings of fear, and their deathly shade !

Saint Patrick's Day in Wamblepop.

IN THE MORNING.

'T WAS morn, and scarce yon lurid sun,' etc. A March sun rose brilliantly upon the little village of Wamblepop: dispelling the mists of 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' As the dense curtain of vapor rolled slowly up, a person of common-sense, with or without an investigating mind, passing along the principal and only street of Wamblepop, could not but have observed a group of about twenty Irish laborers, congregated around the principal and only hotel in the little town. And, as the air grew clearer, any person, although a natural fool, unless laboring under the slight inconvenience of deafness, could not but have heard the real Irish shouts that proceeded from their mouths.

These laborers were engaged in building one of the numerous Buffalo and New-York City rail-roads, *via* Wamblepop, and were as gruff and hardy a set of men as you could select on the entire road, or on any other of the numerous roads, *via* any other stock-holding town.

Wamblepop was a stock-holding town, as the residents could tell you. One hundred shares, of one hundred dollars each, had been taken, through the energy and enterprise of the Wamblepoppers: and they gloried in it. The group of Irishmen, so distinctly to be seen and heard, was assembled together to begin an early celebration of St. Patrick's Day. And before the mists had rolled up, and before the air had waxed clear, many a round of poteen' had they taken, at the little inn. For 'song and dance' were the order of the day; and Patrick O'Teal, on the night of this his patron saint's day, was to lead the blushing Bridget Malooney before the priest, and make her, as he confidentially told his friends, 'Mrs. O'Tail.'

'So ye'r to be married this night, are ye, Pat?' said a tall, good-humored Irishman, with as many as an 'occasional' pock-mark on his benevolent features; 'here 's health to you an' your'n.'

'And here 's hopin' you may have lots of little O'Tails,' said another tall and pock-marked individual.

Up went all the little glasses, and up the little bottles, and big bottles, decanter and jugs; and down went the 'poteen.'

'Is it Bridget Malooney he's to marry? Be jabers, if it is——'

'Hould yer whist, Mike Lamagin, or ye'll say what ye'll be sorry for: mind *that* now,' said Wat Malooney, interrupting him.

'An' if I do, divil a won is there to be sorry but meself; mind *that* now,' returned Mike. 'An' whin I mek an observashin agin, hould yer *own* whist, an' do n't be brekin' in upon me, or I'll—I'll brek in upon *you*—that I will.'

'Stop that nonsense, ye dhirty blegairds; ye would n't begin this time in the mornin', would ye?' said one of the benevolently pock-

marked individuals; 'here's three cheers, an' long life to St. Patrick: he comes before the Fourth-of-July every year, as he'd ought to.'

The Wamblepop welkin rung with huzzas; and up went all the jugs, bottles and glasses; distended eyes glared fixedly to the heavens for a moment; and expanded mouths gasped and smacked their 'relish.'

The sociality now became general. Each of the twenty was seized with a sudden spirit of confidence and loquacity: surprising personal adventures: biographical sketches of small-potato investments: the extraordinary ascendancy St. Patrick possessed over snakes and toads: and his excessive superiority over the Fourth-of-July and Andrew Jackson: the coming marriage, piper, priest, etc. At last, Mike Lamagin found an occasion to 'say his mind,' as he was about to do, when interrupted by Wat Malooney. 'If it's Bridget Malooney he's to marry, he may take her in welkin, for all me: *that* he may.'

Fierce gleamed the anger from the eyes of Wat: 'By the piper that played before Moses, do ye mane to *insinuate* any thing, ye dhirty Lamagin?'

'I mane jis what I say, an' look to yerself for *dhirt*: take *that* now!'

Fiercely charged Pat O'Teal between the two pock-marked combatants, and with furious mien confronted Mike. 'By the blhood of the O'Tails, ye mane to spake ill of my Bridget? If ye do, tunder an turf, but ye may spake yer wake this night!'

The form of Mike dilated with wrath: his eloquent eyes spoke volumes, in the Irish tongue; and his not-less eloquent mouth backed them up. With the ancient air of Chivalry, when throwing down the gauntlet, he snapped his fingers under O'Teal's nose; and, in accents of cutting sarcasm, exclaimed: 'Go to grass wid her!'

At this interesting crisis, a Wamblepop juvenile, who delighted in the sweet name of Samuel Pedilly, made his appearance with a bull-frog, carefully secreted, which he had taken in a neighboring pond; and throwing it into the midst of the angry disputants, exclaimed at the top of his voice: 'Snake! snake!'

Twenty voices, in twenty different keys, howled: 'St. Patrick deliver us!'

'Snake! snake!'

Twenty pairs of heels disappeared in twenty different directions: a moment, and all was peace and quietness at the 'Wamblepop Traveller's Home.'

IN THE EVENING.

'A WEDDING there was in Gundercleugh,
Tol de rol de rido.'—OLD SONG.

WE are now about to take the liberty of all distinguished authors, and suppose a certain period of time to have elapsed—say about eight hours. The principal and only street of Wamblepop

presented nearly the same appearance, save that here and there, the hand of Time seemed to have stricken a shadow from the walls; and the little puddles of the morning were all dried up by the noon-day sun. In a large 'shanty,' or, to please the fastidious reader, 'small cottage,' situated at the extremity of the street, sat a maiden, about two-and-twenty years of age. Her fair head leaned pensively on her hand; her queenly eyes seemed intensively gazing into vacancy; her beautiful lips, closely compressed, pouted a tempting pout, like luscious grapes hanging on the stem; her dark hair fell (with the slight aid of curl-paper) in natural ringlets over her snowy shoulders; her features possessed that nameless, womanly charm which elicits the admiration of all beholders, and claims a portion of the heart of every true gallant. She was habited in her bridal costume, a snowy white, cut after some fashion, gathered in all necessary places, and ornamented with little bits of blue and red ribbon, in a truly tasteful and becoming manner.

This was Bridget Malooney, soon to become the bride of the chivalrous Patrick O'Teal. Without rising, she turned her head toward an inner apartment, and in a voice of surpassing sweetness, greatly enhanced by a 'rich Irish brogue,' addressed an elderly lady, or, to be more concise, an old woman, saying: 'Mother, how much 'poteen' did father bring home for to-night?'

'Two gallons, darlint,' answered the fond mother.

'They do n't drink all that *this* night!' was the determined exclamation of this heroic girl. 'Where is it, mother, dear?'

'In the closet,' said her maternal progenitor, 'where it always is.'

The maiden arose from her seat, and, with a firm, determined step, crossed the little room to the closet. Unheeding the admonition of the old lady, 'not to turn out much of it,' she opened the door, and brought to light a large brown earthen jug. Pulling forth the cork, she gazed a moment at this, the cause of so much rioting and contention among her countrymen; still she hesitated: she was about to sacrifice her father's idol to her sense of right. And, as she gazed, thoughts of — of — It is impossible to accurately determine what: but it is to be presumed, thoughts of her poor, injured, bleeding, down-trodden country struggled within her breast.

No longer hesitating, with Amazonian strength and purpose she poises the unwieldy vessel in mid-air. Imagination already pictures it shattered into fragments on the hearth-stone, and the pent-up poison seeking the earth from whence it came. O horror of horrors! would that our pencil (we write with a pencil) had withered in our grasp ere we had brought the records of Wamblepop thus far! But Truth will out! Behold, then, the fair Bridget, with her sweet mouth glued to the brown earthen jug, and taking what nautical gentlemen are pleased to term a 'lunar;' after which she re-corked and re-placed the jug, and resumed her seat and pensive attitude by the window. Alas! the nameless womanly charm had fled to the 'Gentleman in Sables.'

Presently there came an old, gray-headed Irishman, the father of Bridget. And *he*, too, seemed to entertain the same opinion as his daughter: that they 'were n't going to drink all *that* this night:' for he applied himself to the jug with a zest, betokening that they would be free from drinking a large portion of it at least.

By-and-by, in came Wat, with the same philanthropic wishes. And quickly followed the arrivals: each succeeding one evidently wishing to save those yet to come from the task of 'drinking all that this night.' As the evening was growing a little chilly, great was the display of fur-capes and fur-cuffs, and rainbowy blanket-shawls, on the part of the ladies. And upon their disrobing themselves of those articles, still greater was the display of ear-rings and finger-rings; and occasionally an old Irish dowager, who kept a boarding-shanty, (also 'poteen,') sported a watch and chain; though instances of this kind were rare, even in this Irish uppertendom.

The little party of the morning had all arrived, except Mike Lamigan: and it was also observed that none of Mike's friends were there; and that the 'Fardowns' generally had abstained from coming. However, they were 'low,' and no sorrow was expressed at their absence. The piper and priest were there; and the general wish of the company, as expressed audibly by them, seemed to be, 'to rush the ceremonies through,' that the festivities might begin. So a corner of the room was cleared of its occupants, by Wat's politely requesting them to 'stand back,' and the lovely Bridget and Pat went down on their knees, looking like a pair of turtle-doves searching for insects near a mud-puddle. The priest, at first, proceeded to 'make them one' with the aid of a bottle of water; then drank their 'Health and future Prosperity' in something stronger.

The corner occupied by the newly-married couple was now taken by a blind individual, with a suspicious-looking bundle under his arm. A small circular space having been cleared in the centre of the room, the blind gentleman in the corner unfolded his parcel, displaying a number of round sticks, highly ornamented with a red-and-yellow 'quality.' Upon putting his mouth to one of them, the rest flew up, and spread out like a peacock's tail; and the bundle (which upon inquiry proved to be the 'Bag-pipes') gave a *squawk* not unlike the melodious accents of that gay bird. Immediately Pat led out his beautiful wife for a reel. 'All ready!' bow to piper: bow to company: bow to each other. Away they went, 'right hand around' and 'left hand back;' 'left hand around' and 'right hand back;' 'balance to each other,' and 'cross over;' 'balance to piper' and 'cross back.'

Now commenced a series of aerial skirmishes on the part of Pat's legs, utterly defying description: while from beneath Bridget's skirts issued a succession of muffled thumps calculated to awaken sporting reminiscences of partridges drumming on a log. These were immediately followed by: 'right hand around' and

'left hand back,' etc.: bow to each other: bow to company: bow to piper.

Pat now gave place to one of the pock-marked individuals before mentioned, with whom Bridget went through the same 'steps,' so called. Upon his retiring exhausted, his place was taken by another benevolent individual: who in his turn gave place to Wat, who in his turn gave place to the elder Malooney. By this time the fair Bridget was so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the dance, that every one said: 'How swate she takes her steps, to be sure!' Now Pat, somewhat refreshed, came in for a reel; but Bridget declared she could n't abide a change of time: so he was obliged to lead in one of the ancient dowagers, whose performance gained her great credit. Thus the festivity proceeded: the spirits in the large brown earthen jug getting lower and lower; and the spirits of the assembled multitude rising in the same proportion.

At a late hour of the night as one of the ancient dowagers was completing her forty-ninth jig, whiz-z-z! came a stone through the window, striking her in the back of the head, glancing and hitting a fierce little Irishman plump in the mouth — bowling them down like nine-pins.

'Whoop! The Fardowns!'

Instantly, from a small stand of arms in the corner, shillelahs were distributed to the exasperated Corkonians; and in battle-array forth they marched, headed by Wat and Pat, shouting, 'Hurrah for Saint Patrick!' 'Down wid thim Fairdowns!' 'Give 'em dhucks!' etc.

Directly in front of the door, at a distance of about six rods, stood a body of 'Fardowns,' armed *cap-à-pie* with stones, shillelahs, and 'poteen.'

'Down wid thim mhurderin Carkmin!' shouted in stentorian accents the voice of Mike Lamagin from the centre of the little phalanx; and immediately a shower of stones assailed our wedding-party, materially injuring the contour of Pat's nose, and breaking the heads of several minor personages.

After recovering the stunning effects of this broadside, the Corkonians assaulted the other party fiercely with their shillelahs.

Now came the tug of war! The moon, which until this moment had been concealed behind a cloud, suddenly came forth, brilliantly illuminating the battle-ground, and enabling the combatants to distinguish friend from foe: a very necessary 'light upon the subject;' for up to this time, Wat had been zealously engaged in pummelling his father. Nor did he desist until his mother, seeing the position of affairs, hastened to the rescue, and by receiving three or four sound thumps, succeeded in bearing off the old man to the house. Early in the engagement, Pat O'Teal had sought and found Mike Lamagin:

'THERE, man to man, and wood to wood,
Each strove to do the best he could:'

until a score of 'old scores' were 'scored up,' and new ones opened. When the foray was at its height, a diminutive person

'might have been seen' creeping along the shady side of the shanty, and superlatively enjoying the combat. This was none other than our friend Samuel Pedilly, evidently bent on mischief. Presently he applied a lighted match to a large bunch of fire-crackers, and threw them into the midst of the combatants. Snap! snap! snap! snap! went the crackers on their exploding 'mission.'

'Howly Moses! but they'r firin'! shouted the Fardowns; and away *they* went, helter-skelter, over the fences and up the street.

'Thim blhoody blegairds have got powther-guns!' exclaimed the Corkonians, rushing into the house and closing the door; and there they remained in a state of maudlin trepidation during the firing, and then not daring to venture forth for a long time. At length, long after the crackers had subsided, they opened the door, and meeting no opposition, sneaked quietly home.

Quiet reigned supreme, as Samuel Pedilly stole through one of the back-windows into his father's residence. The little village clock struck twelve: and thus ended SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN WAMBLEPOP.

I WANDERED ON THE SILENT SHORES.

I WANDERED on the silent shores;
I heard the distant sound of oars:
'T was scarce an echo when it fell;
'T was like a whisper in a dell.
Smooth lay the lake mine eyes before,
When first I heard that dipping oar:
The quiet winds had gone to sleep:
The ripples slumbered on the deep:
The waves breathed softly to the shore,
As gently fell that dipping oar.

Hark! what breaks upon my ear,
Softly murmuring, sweetly clear,
Like Æolian chords awaking,
Music when bright dawns are breaking;
Or like summer's evening sigh,
Breathing down a golden sky?
Echoes from another sphere,
Telling what may not appear;
Fading on the sandy shores,
Distant sounds of dipping oars.

'T was a fancy: all was still;
'T was a vision of the will,
Gliding o'er the summer sky,
Bringing scenes of things gone by.
Far away along the deep,
Where forgotten memories sleep,
I beheld again the past,
To the future sweeping fast:
Heard again along the shores,
Sounds of gently-dipping oars.

Where is now the light canoe,
Gone forever from the view:
Where the happy Indian girl,
Gazing at the waves' light curl?
From blue Michigan departed,
Sighing, weeping, broken-hearted,
With her mantle gathered round her,
Gone, where few in tears have found her,
Vanished from those silent shores,
With the sound of dipping oars.

See beyond the skyward mark,
Aspects mournful, frowning dark,
Tawny heroes to the West,
Drifting slowly and to rest:
Scenes familiar sadly leaving,
Musing deeply, sorely grieving:
O'er the horizon they go,
Where themselves and none may know;
And as fade those distant shores,
Echo mourns their parting oars.

All are vanished, gone forever,
Though 't was hard, 't was fate to sever:
Fate their rule had long deserted,
Fortune long with them had parted;
So they drifted o'er the wave,
To an unknown, distant grave:
No more to their paddles' flow,
Music surges, cresting snow.
Fancy now upon those shores,
Hears alone their dipping oars.

TUDOR.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

OF the ten days following that of our arrival at Malta, I am sorry to say I can give no rational account, inasmuch as during the whole of that period (being delirious from fever, induced by the bodily and mental suffering which I had undergone) I fancied myself an alligator vainly endeavoring to make my way across the Ganges, against a head-sea and wind, to the residence of my aunt, now miraculously transformed from a two-story brick into a bamboo *bungalow*, and romantically situated on the left bank of the 'Sacred River,' with a lofty pagoda on either hand of it.

When Reason resumed her sway, I found myself lying on a comfortable 'four-poster' in a neatly furnished room, through the large folding-doors of which the English naval officers were just entering.

'Doctor,' said the elder of the two, softly approaching my bedside, and laying his rough hand on my burning temples, 'all your cups, blisters, and leeches have failed to produce a beneficial effect thus far, it seems. What do you propose to do next?'

'That is my own business, Captain Brown, with which I will thank you not to intermeddle!' answered his companion, tartly.

'I choose to make it *mine*, Sir,' retorted the first speaker; 'for if this pug-nosed little Yankee should die on our hands, I consider that the British lion would be in a measure disgraced; and so, if he be not better by to-morrow, I'll send to the barracks for an Army surgeon.'

'You will do no such thing, Sir!'

'Blood and thunder, Sir, I say I will!'

'I say you will not!'

'I'll report you to the Admiralty!'

'Report, and be damned, Sir!'

And with this exclamation, the doctor bounced out of the room with a jerk; and the captain, who was lame of one foot, limped after him, loudly calling upon some one of the name of David 'to bring him pen, ink and paper, that he might write a dispatch to the First Lord of the Admiralty.'

Scarce had the echo of the captain's voice died away, ere the quiet of my room was again disturbed by the entrance of a youth, whose light hair and florid complexion betrayed his Saxon blood, as clearly as the white patch on his collar denoted his being one of Her Britannic Majesty's midshipmen.

'And so,' said the youngster, bending over me until I felt his warm breath on my cheek, 'you are about to take your departure for the other world, it appears. I am sorry for you, democratic Jonathan, from the very bottom of my heart, I am.'

'Don't distress yourself, Nobility Bull,' I replied promptly,

opening my eyes very wide, and making a faint attempt at a smile as I spoke. 'I'll weather the medicine-men yet !'

'The devil !' cried the mid ; and starting back in affright he commenced retreating from the apartment. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed with a laugh : 'A fair Rowland for my Oliver ! Damn it, my fine fellow, you lay there so still with your eyes half-closed, that I thought you were under way already for the *warm country*, and the sound of your voice nearly frightened me into a duck-fit. I'll be off, and send the doctor to you !'

'Stop a moment, if you please.'

'Well, what will you have ?'

'Before you go, tell me where I am.'

'In the Naval Hospital of Valetta.'

'And who were the officers who left my room just before you came in.'

'I didn't see them. What sort of looking men were they ?'

'The one was a big, coarse-looking man, a Captain Brown ; the other a small Doctor Somebody, whose name I did n't hear.'

'They were quarrelling, I suppose ?'

'Yes ; and the captain threatened to report the doctor to the Admiralty for treating him with disrespect.'

'He has made that threat at least twenty times in the last three days ; but he will take very good care not to put it in execution ; for although he blusters a great deal, he is, in reality, afraid of the doctor, who, he knows, is a confounded smart fellow, and enjoys a high reputation in the Navy. The fact is, the captain is perhaps a well-meaning man enough, but he is excessively ignorant, and is always interfering with what in nowise concerns him. He is a sailing-master ; and having been wounded two years ago in a battle with Chinese pirates, so that he can no longer go to sea, the Admiralty thought proper to reward him for his services by appointing him Superintendent of this building with the honorary title of Captain. He usually goes by the name of 'old Blood and Thunder.' There, now, you know as much as I do about him.'

'And I thank you much for your information. The doctor's name is —'

'Wilson. But I must be off, or I fear you'll injure yourself by talking,' and away he ran, while, wearied with the effort that I had made to carry on the conversation, I closed my eyes, and composed myself to sleep.

Our young friend Morton, (for such was the English reefer's name,) having made us acquainted with the superintendent and surgeon of the hospital in which I passed two months of my life, I will here take the liberty of introducing to my readers the other inmates of it in the order of their rank. First comes Commodore Pepper, a silver-haired old sea-dog, over ninety years of age, who, being in his dotage, at all times fancied himself aboard ship, and when not engaged in a controversy with Doctor Langhorne, (of whom we shall hear more anon,) was continually giving orders to make or take in any quantity of imaginary canvas.

Next, we have the *medico* aforesaid — a raving Bedlamite, who, also, commonly imagined himself one of that respectable class of persons 'who are confined in prison with the privilege of getting drowned.' Now and then, however, this eccentric personage would vary the monotony of a sea-life by making short excursions to the moon; and when he returned from his travels, on these occasions, it was quite refreshing to listen to his account of 'things he had seen by the way.'

The others comprised a one-legged master's mate and ten maimed seamen, (all of whom had been disabled shortly before by the bursting of a gun on board the 'Eurydice,') and a whole troop of cooks, scullions, waiters, nurses, etc.

The madman, being on a water-gruel diet, had somehow taken it into his head that he had been placed on 'short allowance' by the Commodore, against whom he consequently cherished the most bitter animosity; and he spent half his time in showering abusive epithets on his hoary head, which the old dotard, who had always been noted for his promptitude in 'clearing ship for action,' never failed to return with interest; and as the rooms of this interesting pair were on either hand of mine, day and night was I exposed to the whole cross-fire of their lip-batteries.

'Who ever heard of old Pepper's war-services, I'd like to know?' the doctor would bellow out with stentorian lungs. 'All the wounds he ever received were in the breech, and he hanged to him.'

Now soldiers, I know, consider it a high honor to be wounded in the precise spot of which the doctor so often spoke, and, if my memory serve me right, Othello makes honorable mention of the place, (in speaking of the means he used to win the affections of 'that old man's daughter,') coupling with it (somewhat strange, I must confess) the adjectives 'imminent' and 'deadly.' Yet we sailors rather incline to the opinion that a man's breech can never be exposed, so long as his head is pointed, as it should be, fair and square toward the enemy. And so the doctor never introduced the word breech in his discourse without its producing a breach of the peace between him and the Commodore, who would invariably respond with:

'Keep thilence, you mootinuth thecoundrel — keep thilence, I thay!'

Then the doctor would return to the attack with:

'Lisping old hog that he is, not content with having a whole cabin to himself, he must needs monopolize all the grub in the ship!'

To this serious accusation, old Pepper would reply:

'Tell the futht lefftenant to put that mootinuth thecoundrel in ironth, thir!'

And so they went on, day after day, as long as I remained under the same roof with them.

One morning, after I had got strong enough to walk about a little, I was awakened by hearing a demoniac laugh close to my

ear; and springing up in bed, I found, to my infinite terror, the crazy doctor's head in my room, and in close proximity to my pillow. His body, however, very fortunately for me, was still in his own apartment, owing to the fact that the hole in the wall, which he had succeeded in making during the night, was not yet large enough to admit his shoulders.

'I'll have you before long!' cried the maniac, glaring at me with blood-shot eyes, and gnashing his teeth in a frenzy. 'I'll have you before long, you rascal!'

'Perhaps you will, and perhaps you won't,' I mentally ejaculated, as I rushed from my room and down two flights of stairs to the 'dispensary.' 'Perhaps you will, and perhaps you won't. It takes two to make a bargain, my fine fellow!'

'What, in the name of HEAVEN, brings you down here in your shirt, Mr. Jenkins?' said Surgeon Wilson, as I entered his *sanc-tum*. 'It's a warm morning, I admit; but your rig is somewhat airish, it strikes me, even for this weather.'

In a few brief words, I explained the situation of things above stairs, and begged that a strong force might be detailed to wait upon me to my room, to protect me from any incursion of the mad-man until I could secure my baggage, and make a more becoming toilet; and the obliging doctor was just in the act of summoning the whole *posse comitatus* of the hospital to my assistance, when who should pop into the dispensary, but the meddlesome old Superintendent and his eldest daughter, Miss Rachel.

This was a pleasant predicament for a modest youth to be placed in, truly! But, luckily, there were two outlets to the apartment; so Wilson, who was a quick-witted fellow, placing me behind him, commenced making a rapid stern-board toward the door opposite to that through which the Browns had entered.

'It's a very fine morning, Doctor,' said the Captain, advancing two steps. 'Beautiful, indeed!' replied Wilson, falling back four.

'Rather sultry, I think,' remarked Miss Rachel.

'Rather so, I must confess,' assented the Doctor.

The Captain and his fair daughter exchanged glances of astonishment and delight. Never before had Doctor Wilson treated them with so much courtesy and respect; and they were evidently charmed at having at last insinuated themselves into his good graces. I was charmed, too; for in another moment I expected to make good my retreat. Vain expectation! The door behind me at this instant flew open, and in stalked Morton, with the gallant Captain's youngest daughter leaning fondly on his arm.

Thus placed between two fires, as it were, with a firm breast-work in front, it is true, but scarce even a Marcy-patch to protect my rear, I adopted the expedient, which, according to a distinguished Southern novelist, one of our Yankee regiments had recourse to in Mexico. 'Sir,' said Mr. Gilmore Sims to me on a certain occasion, 'I assure you most solemnly, that at the battle of Contreras, the very troops of which you speak, *throwing their arms behind them, incontinently fled!*'

For several days after this, poor Langhorne obstinately refused to take the slightest sustenance ; and as he had strongly barricaded his room, it became necessary at length to storm it, in order to save him from actual starvation. For this purpose the whole disposable force of the hospital was mustered ; and the seamen of the 'Eurydice' organized into a forlorn hope, and carrying on their shoulders a heavy spar, which served them as a battering-ram, gallantly led the attack by running full tilt against the *loco's* door.

At the first onset, the upper part of this treacherous defence giving way, the jack-tars gave three hearty cheers, and making use of a step-ladder, which happened to be near the scene of action, they commenced emulously mounting to the assault. But the doctor, standing on his bed, which, with a madman's cunning, he had placed against the door, and being amply provided with good hard bricks from his hearth, gave them so warm a reception, that they were forced to retire, and the '*corps de reserve*,' consisting of sixteen Irish waiters, led by old 'Blood and Thunder' himself, meeting with no better fate, the attacking army retreated in disgust, minus two noses and an ear.

A council of war being now held, Doctor Wilson said, gravely : 'It is confidently asserted by very many eminent members of the faculty, that a madman can be easily cowed by any one who possesses nerve enough to look him steadily in the face. I therefore propose that Captain Brown, so justly distinguished for his bravery in the East, be appointed a committee of one to creep through the 'hole in the wall,' (which can readily be enlarged for the purpose,) to give poor Langhorne *a fair trial with the eye*.'

This bell-the-cat proposition, however, meeting with no favor from the Superintendent, who seemed not at all inclined to sacrifice himself *pro bono publico*, the one-legged master's mate, who had been a ship-mate of Langhorne's, and was an especial favorite of his, was deputed to treat with him ; and after much parleying, the lunatic consented to lay down his arms, and be guided in all things by his medical adviser, under the following conditions :

'Imprimis. That lisping old hog, Commodore Pepper, shall never again presume to stop Doctor Langhorne's allowance of beef.

'Secondly. Doctor Langhorne shall be at liberty to speak of the Commodore's breech whenever and wherever it may please him so to do ; and he shall, moreover, be permitted to sing the song of 'the rough old Commodore, tough old Commodore' at least twice a day.

'Thirdly. Doctor Langhorne is by no means to be debarred the privilege of an occasional visit to his intimate acquaintance, the man in the moon ; and should he at any time think proper to extend his wanderings to the planets Jupiter and Saturn, he is not to be 'hauled over the coals' for so doing, on his return to the ship. Provided, however, that he never loiter by the way, under any pretence whatever, to hold fiery converse with Mars, and should he by any chance fall in with the goddess Bellona, he is to be particularly careful to give her a wide berth.'

The ratifications of this treaty being exchanged by the 'High Contracting Powers,' Doctor Langhorne, in good faith, dismantled his fortress, and partook of a bountiful meal, after which he slept about eighteen hours on a stretch, and the white flag of peace again floated triumphantly over the naval hospital of Valetta.

Nothing could exceed Captain Brown's and Surgeon Wilson's kindness to me during the time that I remained under their care ; and as to Morton and myself, notwithstanding the wide diversity of our political opinions, we became as thick as two pickpockets, and contracted a friendship for each other, which has continued up to this very hour. With him I visited the church of Saint John's, and the numerous other *lions* of Valetta ; and when I became strong enough to make the 'grand tour of Malta,' he it was who occupied the seat in the *caleche* by my side. A letter now lying open before me, which I received from him but a week since, recalls vividly to my mind an incident of one of our journeyings, which I beg the reader's leave to relate.

We were looking out on the bay of Saint Paul, and indulging in various idle speculations, as to the model of the craft from whose stern the 'shipmen' deemed it advisable to 'cast four anchors,' when a woman of about thirty years of age, dressed in deep mourning, with eyes of fire, and a face colorless as the snowy kerchief, which confined the disordered masses of her raven hair, made her appearance on the beach, where, eagerly gazing seaward, she remained for some time motionless as a statue. At length, starting up, and wringing her hands, she commenced pacing up and down in front of us, with unequal steps, all the while muttering to herself : 'He is dead ! he is dead ! and I — O my God ! — I am a murderess !'

I looked toward my companion, and was about to speak, when, laying his hand on my mouth, he whispered in my ear : 'Hist ! it is crazy Ellen ! If you wish to hear the mournful story of her life, accompany me to yonder chapel, and Father Thomas, I doubt not, will tell it to you.'

As we drew near to the chapel, which forms one of the compartments of a cave, commonly known as Saint Paul's grotto, we observed the good father seated on a stone-bench, a little in advance of it. He was a poor monk of the order of Saint Francis, whose thread-bare habit and wooden rosary bespoke the poverty of one who was compelled to depend upon the cold charity of the world for his daily bread ; yet none could look upon the face of the holy man, and fail to perceive that he had exceeding great treasure laid up in heaven, 'where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.'

'Father,' said Morton, 'my companion here is anxious to know something of poor Ellen. Will you not repeat the tale you were good enough to tell me the other day ?'

'Most certainly I will, Morton,' replied the monk, rising, and motioning to us to be seated as he spoke ; 'but the day is warm, and I must first gather some oranges from our garden for your re-

freshment.' So saying, he left us, and soon returning with a basketful of the golden fruit, he took his seat between us, and commenced his narrative thus :

' Fairest among the fair English maidens of Valetta, some fifteen years ago, was Ellen Grahame, whose marvellous beauty formed the theme of conversation with young and old, in every habitable corner of this little isle. But alas ! my children, that pride which goeth before destruction was also hers : and, although but the daughter of a poor mechanic, she rejected, with ill-dissembled scorn, many advantageous offers of marriage from the youths of her acquaintance, openly declaring that she would never mate with one who was not, in some way, distinguished above the common herd.

' Years passed away ; and Ellen had reached her twentieth birthday, when there came to Valetta a young Italian artist — Pascal Carelli, by name — whose paintings, it was said, rivalled those of the great Raphael. He had been a traveller in many lands, spoke English fluently, and was filled with the inspirations of genius. It was not long ere he heard of the rare charms of Ellen Grahame, and having a *Madonna* to paint for the Church of Saint Elmo at Naples, he called upon her with the request that she would serve as his model. It is needless to say that this flattering tribute to her beauty was received by Ellen with unfeigned emotions of delight. For a month thereafter she was either closeted with the artist in his studio, or walking arm-in-arm with him along the sea-shore ; and soon it became rumored abroad that the two were betrothed, and would be married at an early day, in the cathedral of Saint John.

' Things were in this train when Carelli was summoned to Florence to attend the death-bed of a dearly beloved sister, his only relative upon earth, and scarce had he departed from Valetta, before the whole city was thrown into a great state of excitement by the arrival in their harbor of the '*Pearl of India*,' a beautiful yacht, freighted with the valuable person of Lord William Howard.

' My lord was old, ugly, and a cripple, and had buried his third wife ; and yet he entertained an ardent desire for a fourth, who should be younger and prettier than his first ; and he had no sooner laid eyes on the belle of Malta than, to the surprise of its inhabitants, he offered her his withered hand, which, to their still greater surprise, and infinite disgust, she had the baseness to accept.

' When these strange tidings came to my ears, I lost no time in portraying to Ellen — for she was a Catholic, and I her father confessor — the heinousness of the crime she was about to commit. But I found her 'like the deaf adder, which listeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely ;' and I left her in despair. Pride, that false pride, which taketh delight in vain show, was still her besetting sin ; and the title of 'my lady' possessed an attraction for her ear, which all her love for the gifted artist — and it really was great — could not withstand.

' And now the evening appointed for the ratification of her *bar-*

gain was at hand, and Ellen, decked like a queen, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the carriage which was to convey her to the residence of his excellency the Governor, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, when, unannounced, I entered her chamber, determined, if it were possible, to save her soul from perdition, even at the ninth hour. And in this I hoped to succeed; for with me was her lover, who had that instant arrived at Malta, flying on 'the wings of the wind' to his beloved, only to learn that she was *his* no longer.

'Ellen, dear, dear Ellen,' cried Carelli, passionately throwing himself at her feet; 'what is this that I hear? It cannot, O God! my love, my life, it cannot be true!'

'For a moment, as I noted the varying expression of the unhappy girl's face, I believed that love and honor had triumphed. But no. Slowly rising from a silken couch on which she was half reclining, and looking, in her cold, majestic beauty, like the marble image of some Grecian goddess, she said, with a scornful smile: 'I have no time to-night to listen to your love-prating, Signor Carelli; I prithee leave me with my maidens.'

'Starting to his feet as if an asp had stung him, Carelli left the room and the house; and when, following him, I reached the street, he was nowhere to be seen. I called loudly upon him to return — for at this instant I heard, or fancied I heard, the voice of Ellen fondly breathing his name; but the sighing of the night wind, and the moaning of the breakers on the shore alone made reply; and, with a leaden weight at my heart, I betook myself to my cloister, and retired to my narrow cell — to pass the night in watchfulness and prayer. . . .

'It wanted but a few minutes of mid-night, when, at the east end of the 'state chamber' of the Governor's princely mansion stood the Archbishop of Malta — the last of the noble race of the Colonnas — in the midst of a lordly assemblage of England's chivalry, while at his feet knelt Lord William Howard and the fair Ellen Grahame.

'Thrice did the vain beauty essay to place her jewelled hand within that of the infirm old lord, and thrice did she withdraw it with a half-stifled shriek, as of one in mortal agony; and the guests looked in each other's faces, and darkly hinted, one to the other, of a broken vow and a love betrayed. But at length the hands *were* clasped, and the words spoken that bound the *happy* pair in bonds that man may not sever; and the venerable Archbishop, having pronounced a benediction, Lady Howard rose to her feet, and proudly stood beside her lord — in the eyes of all that brilliant throng his lawful wife; but in the presence of God and His angels, a shameless harlot, who had sold her body for a price.

'And now came feasting and revelry — and many were the cries of 'long live Lady Howard!' as she was led by the Governor to the head of the festive board; and the whole banquet-hall was filled with praises of her beauty; for her cheek was flushed, and

her eyes sparkled, and her lips gave utterance to many a brilliant jest.

‘But when the guests had departed, she laid her head in her nearest bridesmaid’s bosom, and, shudderingly, whispered to her of a *drowned man’s hand that had come between her and the groom* — and then, with a wild, unearthly yell, she fainted.

‘Whether the sea had indeed ‘given up its dead,’ God alone knoweth; but that night, as the chimes of Saint John’s Cathedral were sounding the hour of twelve, the waves were wildly closing over the head of a suicide — and that suicide was Pascal Carelli, surnamed ‘the glory of Florence.’

‘Time sped on. My lady went abroad; and, after losing sight of her for some years, I learned that she had lost her husband, and was about to return to Malta; and something I heard of a disease that baffled her physician’s skill. At length she came; and I was sent for to ‘the castle’ to confess her. I found her with debilitated frame, and an intellect fearfully disordered; and she told me a strange tale of a spectre that never left her.

‘This was five years ago, and ever since she has continued to roam by the sea-side, as you see her now ——’

‘A living monument of God’s wrath!’ interrupted I.

‘Nay, say not so, my son: ‘judge not, that you be not judged.’

While the father yet spake, there came a low wail from the shore, and, looking in that direction, I saw the maniac lying prostrate on the beach, with the life-blood welling from her nose and mouth.

We flew to her assistance, and Father Thomas, placing his arm under her head, raised it gently from the ground. Her eye had lost its fire; and with the approach of Death, Reason had returned to her throne.

‘Father,’ she gasped, ‘my sin was great, but great has been the punishment thereof.’

‘Daughter,’ replied the monk solemnly, ‘there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.’

Then, looking up into his face with a sweet smile, she said, ‘Pray for poor Ellen;’ and with these words she expired.

The sequel of this tale is soon told. After lying in state for a week at ‘the castle,’ the remains of Lady Howard were carried to England, and interred in the family-vault of her husband, with all ‘the pomp and pageantry of wo.’

But her spirit still lingers near the grotto of Saint Paul, where, nightly, as the chimes of Saint John’s Cathedral tell the hour of twelve — if we may believe the artless tales of the Maltese — and why should we not? — two figures, robed in white, are seen to kneel by the side of a cross, on which is rudely carved: ‘Pray for poor Ellen.’

When I returned to the hospital, I found Fearless in my room, who informed me ‘that Captain Blazes was getting somewhat im-

patient to see the light of my countenance aboard : ' so, leaving my kind English friends, I returned to the 'Shenandoah,' where I was received with a very hearty welcome indeed, particularly by my mess-mates, who, after feeling my pulse a number of times, inquired most anxiously concerning the state of my appetite.

I found the 'old craft' looking very trim and neat in her new rig, and, ere many weeks had passed, we were outside of the harbor of Valetta, bound to the Dardanelles.

And here, dear reader, let me inform you that our acquaintance must soon cease. Having now served some twenty months in the Navy, the novelty of the thing was gone : and as year after year dragged its weary length along, bringing with it the same eternal round of mid-watches by night, and boat-duty by day, I longed for the humble home of my childhood, as the Israelites, in the wilderness, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. It is true, that during this period I smoked with the Turks, danced with the Sicilians, and maliciously inflicted a great deal of bad French on my enemies, the Mount Seers ; but yet I can recall no incident worth narrating until we stopped, for a day, at Mahon, on our homeward voyage from Spezzia.

Indulge me, then, in one more chapter, and my yarn is finished.

'T is to be wished it had been sooner spun ;
But yarns will, somehow, lengthen, when begun.'

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

It was in the fall of eighteen hundred and forty-six, and we had, consequently, been absent from the United States nearly four years, when the 'Shenandoah,' under her three topsails, jib, and spanker, stood for the naval anchorage off Mahon — that great city, founded by Mago, the Carthaginian ! Mahon ! dear, dear Mahon ! who is there that has not heard of the beauty of thy women, the hugeness of thine eggs — the exquisite flavor of thy *camarones* ? Or what mortal will pretend to deny the surpassing musical powers of thy long-eared trumpeters, who, each morn, at cock-crow, make the air jocund with their harmonious strains ?

Like Rosin, the beau, 'I have travelled this wide world all over,' but better people than the Mahonese have I found no where. What wonder, then, that the instant the anchor was down, almost every officer in the ship went ashore ?

As we labored, in a body, up 'the long hill,' loud and long were the *vivas* which greeted us ; and by the time we reached Castle-street, on our way to the tavern of John Cacho, the whole population of the place, young and old, male and female, were tagging at our heels. There was Pons the cobbler, Pons the hatter, and Pons the rope-maker ; old Jo Quevedo, Jim Brandywine, and Jack Constitution ; *señora* Antonia, *señorita* Juanita, and *tía* Leonora, and a host of others, whose names I will not attempt to enumerate,

for the same reason that a Spanish biographer gives for not mentioning *all* the wondrous miracles of that chief of *saints-errant*, Francisco de Xavier, namely, 'lest it should take until the general resurrection to do so.' 'Oh! Mishter Pipe-de-clay, Mishter Pipe-de-clay, my well remembers you,' whined aunt Leonora — 'and Mishter Hoyle, too, I do declare — ah! Mishter Hoyle, how you do dis morning, Sare?'

'Mishter Pipe-de-clay one vary good friend of de family!' cried another.

'Please, Señor Hoyle, give me one penny — two *sheester*, five moder — no *padre*, no *madre*,' yelled a third.

And so they went on — one crying one thing and another another, until we reached the *posada*.

But, best of all, was the meeting between Hoyle and the *posadero*. They embraced, they kissed, they wept; and then, sitting down side by side, they talked over former times, and of the many good dishes which they had partaken of together. At length Hoyle, resting his head on his old friend's shoulder, and still weeping, said: 'I want you, Johnny, to turn right to at once, and make us an *olla podrida*, and a camarone-omelet, such as you sometimes read of in ancient history; for know you, my fine fellow, we sail again this evening.' At these last words a cry of anguish escaped from the very bowels of the publican; but, manfully laying aside his private grief for his public duties, he bustled off to the kitchen, whence he presently sent us up a dinner that the gods might have envied; so with stout hearts, and willing stomachs, we fell to, determined to do our *devoir*, and as Hoyle took two glasses of Mahon wine for every mouthful of food that he swallowed, he became, at first, jolly, next, quarrelsome, and finally, so drowsy that he fell fast asleep in his chair. This was his condition when *bang* went one of the frigate's guns, and, immediately afterward, word was brought to us that she was actually under way, standing, under easy sail, down the harbor. There was no time to lose; so, finding it impossible to awaken our ship-mate, four of us middies shouldered him and marched off, followed by the other officers and the Mahonese, in funeral order; Major Pipeclay and Surgeon Salado with swords reversed, bringing up the rear, and Jo Quevedo and Jim Brandywine walking on either side of the *body* as pall-bearers. In this manner we passed through 'Rough Alley' street, and by the 'house of Blazes,' and leaving Jackass-point on our left, we descended the hill of that name, at the foot of which a boat was awaiting us. Now, whether it was the smell of the salt-water, or a tremendous blast, which one of the trumpeters afore-mentioned blew at this instant, that revived the *defunct* luff, I know not; but certain it is, that he had no sooner been placed in the boat than he stood upright in the stern-sheets of it, and, reverently uncovering his head, thus beautifully apostrophized the place we were leaving:

'To Port Mahon's dear shore,
I never comes no more.'

When we reached the ship, he staggered over the gang-way, and reported his return to Mr. Garboard, who had charge of the deck : and, in reply to Captain Blazes's query as to what detained him so long ashore, he replied, with a leer : '*Camarones, you old buster, you !*' whereupon the skipper indignantly ordered him below.

About nine o'clock that night, he sent the ward-room steward to me, with a request that I would come to his room.

I found him seated in a large arm-chair, *en camisa*, with a drawn sword lying across his lap, and a cocked-hat on his head ; and in a most excited state of mind. 'Mr. Jenkins,' said he, 'I have sent for you to warn you against placing any faith in our captain : for I have possession of certain facts in relation to his conduct while on board this ship, which prove him to be lost to all sense of honor and virtue ; and as soon as we reach the United States, I intend to bring him to a court-martial, and have him dismissed from the service.'

I was really quite shocked to hear my superior talk thus, and I shuddered as I asked : 'What dreadful crime, then, has he committed ?'

'Do you promise me faithfully not to mention to a soul what I am about to tell you ?'

'I do.'

'Put your ear down here, then, and listen. It is confidently asserted of Captain Blazes that he puts *pneumatics in his bean-soup*, and between you and me, *I think he drinks !*'

And now the 'Shenandoah' spread her white wings to the gale, and in six weeks carried us back to the port whence we sailed. In ten days we were all 'paid off,' and I received orders to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where, after six months' hard study, I came before a Board of Examiners, composed of eight pursy old 'commydores,' and captains, who were pleased to express themselves satisfied with my abilities, and to give me a certificate of my having passed my examination ; whereupon, with great pride and joy, I set off for Philadelphia.

It was night when I reached Second-street ; and as I stopped a moment outside my aunt's dwelling, to still the beatings of my heart, I discovered that Parson Jones was holding forth to a goodly congregation assembled in the 'little back parlor.' Presently his voice ceased, and then, 'with one accord,' the whole number of the elect commenced singing, in a very high key, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' while, high above all others, I clearly distinguished the clarion notes of Miss Sally Smuggins.

In I now rushed ; and, to the horror of all present — for not a soul recognized me — I threw my arms about my Aunt Polly's neck, and nearly smothered her with kisses. 'Why, aunty, do n't you know me ?' cried I at length. 'Why, bless my soul,' exclaimed the dear old lady, 'if it an't my darlin' nevvv — why, how you have grown, Johnny, to be sure !'

'The sea-farin' sheep's returned to the fold at last !' ejaculated

the parson. As to Miss Sally Smuggins, she said nothing whatever, for, at the first glance of my *incipient* moustache, she had fainted dead away.

A week after this, I received a very polite note from the President, informing me that in consequence of the great confidence which he reposed in my 'patriotism, valor, and fidelity,' he had appointed me a *passed* Midshipman in the Navy.

And thus ended the life of *Midshipman* Jenkins.

S T A N Z A S : ' L O U A N D I . '

B Y E R N S T .

In our cottage low and humble,
 Lou and I,
 Envyng no dweller in a palace
 Grand and high,
 Quaff to-night from goblets glowing,
 Wine of Life in rich o'erflowing.

In the 'Study' warm and cosy,
 Sit we two,
 Where no breath of out-door coldness
 Pierces through,
 And the eyes of pictured beauty
 Smile adown on love and duty.

On their shelves our chosen volumes
 All their store :
 Sages' maxims and the poets'
 Golden lore :
 Offer freely, at our seeking,
 Or in silence wait our speaking.

So with work or talk or reading,
 We, at will,
 All the long, dark winter evenings
 Sweetly fill :
 Finding home to heaven the nearest,
 And of earthly places dearest.

In this white-walled cottage chamber
 Lou and I,
 Rich in love, with Hope abiding,
 Filling high,
 Quaff to-night from goblets glowing,
 Wine of Life in sweet o'erflowing.

Mamaroneck, (N. Y.) January 17th, 1858.

T H E W I N T E R ' S D R E A M .

AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

'T was winter : and before a winter's fire
Alone I sat, and o'er my passive soul
Sweet thoughts, from happy lore-land wafted, stole,
As winds of eve float lingering o'er a lyre.

The sun was sinking down a golden west ;
A delicate rose-hue lay upon the snow,
Such tint as my Love's fingers only show :
And dreams of her came thronging to my breast.

She seemed to glide within — I know not where :
And her sweet smile endeared the gathering gloom,
And her sweet eyes, in whose recesses bloom
Eternal springs with soft ethereal air.

I felt her fingers melt within mine own :
I heard the heaving of her breast, love-warm,
Whence stole my name on whisper borne :
I heard no more the winter's dying moan.

And then 'twas spring : and in a flowery bed
Spring-like she stood, and on me, as I lay,
Threw many a flower, the mournful and the gay ;
And, kneeling, wove a wreath around my head.

I plucked a rose and placed it on her breast ;
And, gazing in her eyes, I seemed to roam
Within a clime where fairies made their home,
Who, light-winged, circled round me, ever blest :

Sweet were the May-flowers, sweet the May-sun's ray ;
But sweeter flower-like smiles fell from her lips,
Whose honied treasures my heart ever sips ;
And sweeter light dissolving round her lay.

And then 't was summer : by the river-side
We wandered blissfully at eve, alone :
The dying sun upon the waters shone ;
As stream of heaven flowed the golden tide.

And we, as angel-spirits, on that bank
In locked embrace did tread, where loftily
In mildly solemn mood towered many a tree,
Among whose leaves the west wind slumbering sank.

And we were one, and with that hour were one ;
Eve's breathings only through our bosoms flowed :
That hour was love — love in our hearts abode :
Thus, as in heaven, blissful we wandered on.

But naught of other presence did I feel :
In her reposed the river, eve, and all ;
Anon, sweet whispers stole from soul to soul :
Thus passed the dream. Ah ! would that it were real !

F A T H E R O A K S .

NATURE has been in a strange mood to-day. Thick, dark clouds have stretched themselves over all the blue above, sending down occasional messengers to foretell the coming storm; large feathery snow-flakes, drifting downward, to lose their whiteness as they touch the darkness of the street beneath. All day the wind has not ceased wrestling with the tall maples before my window: they bend in its embrace, till their long, bare branches sweep roughly against the window; then proudly they regain their upright position, while, with a tone of angry determination, the wind gathers strength for another attempt.

I love to watch the conflict, and think my maples are like those strong, brave souls, whom no storm can move from the right, and whose strength grows with every successful conflict.

Now, in the gathering twilight, the tone of the wind has changed: it has become a low, deep wailing. I have listened to music, till all consciousness of time and place was lost, and I heard only the voice of suffering: as if some heart, bereaved and alone, with its hopes all blighted, and the future lying before it like a dark mystery, gave utterance to its deep anguish; and to-night the wind speaks with such a voice.

Let me turn from the sad memories it awakens. The shaded lamp sends its warm, bright glow over the table, with its wealth of newspapers, magazines, reviews, and the dear old books we would never willingly be without.

I turn over the pages of the old magazines, occasionally turning to my favorite portion of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to gossip with the Editor, and to hear him in his genial, earnest manner, talk of books, both old and new; speaking a kindly word sometimes of some old favorite, whom we almost fear the fashions of to-day will crowd out of remembrance; then, with a thanksgiving to him, which I fear does not reach him, I close the magazine.

Again, as I turn other pages, my careless eye is arrested by passages of true beauty, written by that magic pen which led us all away from life around us, to the Holy Land, with its wealth of precious associations — the home of HIM of whom the nations have heard — and painted for us with HIS rich word-coloring, our deepest emotions.

Strange power of association! The mournful often suggests the ludicrous, the sublime is closely followed by the ridiculous, and following the leadings of some invisible thread of association, we pass rapidly from one to the other.

What is there in the description of 'Temples in which I have worshipped — those temples of the old world, time-honored and hallowed in many hearts — what is there to lead me away from the present, past all the churches I have loved, and all the eloquent, soul-moving sermons which genius and piety have preached to me,

back to a time-stained log-house, in a country village in Maine, where, years ago, I heard a Sabbath service, so strange, and in its strangeness so impressive, that the whole scene has been kept in memory as faithfully as if it had been transferred to canvas?

A mile from the village, in a westerly direction, was the 'Oak-Hill settlement.' History does not record whether it received its name from its noble growth of oaks, or from the old patriarch of the village, 'Father Oaks,' whose twelve sons and daughters, with *their* sons and daughters, have grown, or were growing up around him, contributing no small share to the population of the 'settlement.'

Father Oaks was the wise man among them, albeit not overburdened with the wisdom that is found in books. He had never learned to read; but he would sit, an entranced listener, for hours, while some favorite grand-child read to him the beautiful and touching narratives of Holy Writ, which our mothers told us when we were rocked in their arms, and whose hidden meanings come to us in later years.

In the old man's log-house, all the families in the settlement, and those from the scattered farm-houses two and three miles distant, met for Sabbath worship. The service which has been so strangely recalled to me to-night, was on one of those beautiful mornings in October, when — if you have been in a quiet village on a bright Sunday morning in mid-autumn, let memory paint for you what it is in vain for words to attempt.

From the indescribable brightness of the world without, we passed into the low cottage. It was a strange sight: that rough old kitchen, with its smoke-stained walls, the lines of dried pumpkins and apples, stretched across the ceiling, the dinner-pot with its steaming contents, hanging from the crane in the yawning chimney, and the strange-looking people in their stranger-looking attire, so far removed from the fashions and vanities of the world. When no preacher chanced that way, old Father Oaks was always ready to 'exhort' the people, and tell them the wonderful stories he had heard of life when the world was new, and make strange applications of their meaning to the lives of those around him.

He stood in one corner of the room, leaning on his old leather-covered arm-chair; the Bible, which he could not read, open on a table by his side; his heavy spectacles pushed high upon his forehead; his white hair streaming over his shoulders, and his voice tremulous with age and enthusiasm. The old man's voice rose high in prayer: then he repeated the hymn:

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,'

which the congregation joined in singing; then followed his discourse, which was a strange mingling of Bible stories, with his own comments.

The wonderful narratives he had heard were mingled in his mind in strange confusion. It was never quite clear to him, whether Cain killed Abel, or Abel killed Cain: whether Abraham or Noah

was saved in the ark ; and in his dramatic delineations, Joseph and Moses were continually changing characters.

Occasionally he was interrupted by a loud whispering, or suppressed laughter among the younger children, which he rebuked by a grave shake of the head, while his trembling finger was pointed at the offenders ; or by the sudden crying of some little one, awakened from its sleep by his shrill voice, and the oft-repeated : ' Hush, there, hush, it 's meeting-time, deary.'

After the discourse was concluded, permission was given to all who had any thing to say, ' to free their minds.' Among the speakers was one, a woman of forty years, tall, gaunt, and hard-featured, who, in loud, singing tones, related her miraculous conversion from darkness to light. When she had described the strange lights and unearthly sounds which had warned her, Father Oaks arose and said : ' Well, brethren and sistren, I do n't know as I can tell an experience to beat that, but think I can pretty nigh equal it.'

Then he told of his youth, passed in thoughtlessness and sin, and of the powerful preaching which brought conviction to him. ' All the week after that sermon,' said the old man, ' I could n't work, though 't was planting time, and the ploughing was n't half done. Often, while I was a-thinkin' of the way of salvation, my plough stood still in the furrow, and I would n't know nothin' of it, till father called out : ' Zechariah, what in natur' is the matter, dreamin' ? ' an' I declare to it, you've bewitched the cattle till they 're dreamin' too.'

' All that week 't was just so. Father scolded an' mother pitied me, an' thought I was sick. Mothers, you know, are tender-hearted, and can always find excuses. When Sunday mornin' come, there was to be no meetin', for we only had preachin' once in four weeks ; I took my little dinner-pail on my arm, and went out into the woods to spend the day, so that no one could see how bad I felt. The sun was shinin' bright, but I did n't know it, I did n't see the blue sky : every thing looked gloomy. I wandered along, not carin' where ; I did n't even know when I came to the stream, though 't was the very same stream where I had washed sheep two days before. The stream seemed to run along sort of mournful ; the birds did n't sing as usual ; and when I came to the yard where father had fenced in his pigs, I opened my dinner-pail and threw its contents to them, for I could n't eat ; an' would you believe it, the critters would n't touch a morsel. Then I felt that every thing in natur' was sympathizing with me. I could n't stay any where ; I went from place to place till the first thing I knew, I found myself every where present.'

I cannot follow him through the day's experience, but at night he returned home after the family had retired. ' And then,' he continued, ' I sat alone by the kitchen fire, for I was cold with the night dew, and I sat hour after hour thinkin' of my lost condition, with my head a-leanin' on my hands, and the tears ran down over the heels of my hands, till they formed a puddle on the hearth, as

large as a plate or a platter, large enough to kiver a pot or a kittle.'

The result of all, I do not remember. This, the climax of his figures of speech, diverted my attention from what followed. When he had finished, and they had sung,

'When I can read my title clear,'

there was an intermission of half-an-hour, before the afternoon service. The children gathered in the corners of the room, or around the door, to eat their luncheons, and the family dinner was offered to those who had brought nothing. Then the men smoked their pipes, the women talked baby-talk to their little ones, and there was a confused mingling of questions, concerning the state of religion in town, the best time for threshing, and the last recipe for dyeing woollen yarn blue.

Down the hill, on whose summit the old man lived, along by the little foot-path that led across the meadow, through the woods in all their autumn glory, we went homeward.

MIRIAM GRAY.

Death of a Pet Canary.

Our little bird, 'CHARLEY,' died in my hand yesterday, in the seventeenth year of his age. His only complaint was 'old age,' and he seemed to be quite conscious to the last. The last four hours he was contented only while cradled in my hand, occasionally lifting his head to beg for a drop or two of water from the end of my finger. While death was upon him, he would stop breathing, open his eyes, and listen attentively when whistling or chirping to him. He was very tame, affectionate, and 'knowing.' The following was written by a lady, who had long attended, and was much attached to him:

At length his hermit life is ended,
And dust to dust again is blended,
Unknown to all the world but me,
And to himself a mystery;
Yet filling equally a part—
With human life—the mighty mart:
Fashioned by his CREATOR's hand,
And given to play, at His command,
In the great scheme of joy—and pain,
My bird! thy life was *not* in vain.

No more he'll quaff from crystal cup,
Nor from his humble drawer sup,
Nor from my hand so fearless fill
His little, ever-busy bill,
While pleasure glistened in his eye,
As peach or melon he'd espy;
And e'en the goblet's sparkling tide
Tempered his bath, when Time his pride
Of plumage paled, and flagged his powers,
Cheering his sadly-closing hours.

How well he knew, my tiny bird!
His mistress' step: and when he heard

Philadelphia, Sept. 1857.

Her voice, with golden head awry
He'd chirp and chirp, and aim to fly.
Alas! in vain, for soon he'd tire
Of beating at the cruel wire;
And so, becalmed his mirthful mood,
He'd skip from perch to perch, subdued:
He could not, like *young* birds, rejoice,
For CHARLEY long had lost his voice;
Full many winters' snows he'd seen,
And summers shed their golden sheen;
Yet, thankful for the present good,
He seemed to prize his solitude:
And when a gleam of sun-light fell
Within the home he loved so well,
My pretty pet would flit and play,
As though it were the brightest day
His captive life had ever seen:
A lesson it were wise, I ween,
For human heads to profit by;
To be content—nor question why
The changes that are to us sent:
All, doubtless, with some good intent.
Now smile not, that I shed a tear
Above my darling birdie's bier,
And he whose eye would not be dim,
Let no one shed a tear for him.

M. A. P.

ISRAEL QUARRELL AGAINST FORTUNE.

CHAPTER FIRST

'JURIS LEGUMQUE PERITUS.' — HORAT. SAT. LIB. 1:9.

FORTUNE at times favors us with eccentric, unique specimens of humanity which command instant attention, and yield matter for curious, perhaps profitable, speculation. Such an one came in our way not many months since, and the concurrence of peculiar circumstances has induced us to newly nib a pen and dip it in ink, preparatory to making a few notes of him.

Now, we do not suppose, dear Mac, that the hero of our prospective sketch will prove a very remarkable character, or that any surpassingly startling developments will be made in his brief history. In fact, we incline to the belief that hero and plot, description and incident — every thing connected therewith, will prove commonplace to such a degree, that upon the instant no sufficient excuse would suggest itself for reducing them to writing. Such an honest confession, so soon made, will doubtless, Mac, bring you down from the tip-toe of expectation to the firm step and deliberate gait of your every-day life; or what is more probable, will fetch from you the emphatic interrogation: 'Then why the purposeless wanderings of your goose-quill upon foolscap?' The reason of my scribbling humor will appear some pages hence. To begin, then.

Not more than a dozen miles from the Ohio River is a quiet village, which, in this history, may be known as Willowdale. At what precise era it was founded, I am unable to state, although I have used considerable diligence in searching its archives, and proposing questions in regard thereto, to some of the oldest inhabitants. It has, however, an indisputed claim to antiquity, and in the anticipation of its founders, was destined to be a place of no small importance. In harmony with this idea, it was regularly laid out into streets, chiefly named from the Revolutionary heroes, the main one being called Washington-street, and another intersecting it at right angles, Jefferson-street. Whether this fact had originally a political significance, I do not here pretend to decide. At all events, we may conclude that the primitive Willowdallians were a patriotic people, who wished to perpetuate memories of their country's benefactors. They were content with the honor of bestowing their names upon the alleys and cow-paths — an additional proof of the excellency of their character.

In due time the village was incorporated, and as many as one or two buildings were put up in a year: but its isolated location, and the rapid growth and importance of several neighboring cities, kept it in a diminutive state, and its commerce in a condition of comparative insignificance. Not far distant is a large and stirring city of more than a hundred thousand people; yet, for all that, the region I tell of, and the good folk who dwell there, are as un-

known as if beyond the Cordilleras. The hopes cherished during its infancy of its speedy expansion into a thriving town, and ultimately into a great metropolis, have not ended in reality.

At this day Willowdale is mainly a single street of dilapidated dwellings, situated in a pleasant valley, watered by a small stream shaded by abundant willows. Willows, with their long, funereal boughs, are planted each side of the street, and around the houses, suggesting the name of the village. A stranger, deceived by the signs of quietude, and the sighing of the winds, as he walks underneath the trees, might suppose the residents of the valley to be of a sorrowful and lachrymose temperament, out of sympathy with their surroundings: but let him tarry with the Willowdallians, and he will discover them to be the most hospitable and good-humored people in the whole world.

Loving the good old ways of their ancestors, they are keenly sensitive to innovations of every character. A month before my visit, the place had been thrown into a state of morbid excitement by the appearance of a stage-coach, connecting it with a large city on the banks of the Ohio. The appearance of this four-wheeled novelty, with all its appurtenances, constituted a memorable epoch in its history. As the horn sounded when the coach whirled into the village, its social elements were as violently agitated as the waters of a stagnant pool by the throwing in of a pebble. The rattle of the vehicle, and the smack of the coachman's whip, were signals for the suspension of all business, and the assembling of a curious group of wondering spectators. Some of the bolder and more knowing lookers-on, hazarded remarks upon the mysterious vehicle and the horses attached, to which the clever driver listened with a merry twinkle of the eye. Had the untravelled Willowdallians assembled to see a magician crawl into a bottle, and had they witnessed the actual performance of the feat, it could hardly have surprised them more than the ingress and egress of the passengers. An omnibus load of visitants from the moon would hardly be subjected to closer scrutiny, and be more vehemently talked of, than new-comers at Willowdale.

Several citizens of an adventurous disposition visited the great city not far off, and having once trod its well-paved streets, became so possessed with the spirit of improvement, that upon reaching home, they boldly talked of similar works, but without courage enough to set about them. They will be content, as they have ever been, to encounter the perils of traversing the streets during the muddy periods. Daily newspapers got into the hands of the villagers, and produced an agreeable diversity in the conversation of those who lingered much about the inn. On a certain occasion, I was not a little amused at finding one of the most nimble-tongued of the village idlers, intensely interested in the contents of an inverted newspaper.

In the summer of 185—, came to the place I have described a man named Israel Quarrell. He was an entire stranger; no premonitory whisperings had intimated his coming; none of the

Willowdalian knew aught of his former dwelling-place and the incidents of his life. He seemed to have dropped suddenly from the clouds ; yet, if he had once been an inhabitant of the air, his wings had disappeared the moment he touched the earth, and left him with a moderate resemblance to its inhabitants. The object of his coming was to establish himself in the legal profession. He accordingly entered a small office in the most secluded part of the town, made arrangements for boarding at the inn, and — waited for clients.

I will give a description of his *physique*, and tell of some other things which naturally appear in a biography.

The personal appearance of Israel Quarrell was by no means prepossessing. Short in stature, so lean that his garments hung loosely upon him ; as rigid and ungraceful in his movements as a skeleton ; having wild, staring eyes, which appeared fixed on vacuity, and a determined bachelor withal, who had reached the sober down-hill of life ; he lacked a long list of the introductory elements of success. The tropical fervor of his soul, evaporating the fluids of his system, had checked all adipose tendency. His nose was such an unexampled exposure of length and surface, seeing it in profile, one might well wonder that strong and sudden gusts of wind did not keep him veering as uneasily as a weather-cock, or that they had not long ago twisted his head entirely off from its slender attachment. His face was full of projections and angularities, and of wrinkles pulling divers ways ; and his brain was so continually a-glow with the heat of thought, that his hair had been thinned and reddened like the verdure parched during a drought in summer-time. He had, moreover, a gloomy, repulsive, and unsocial air, little calculated to win confidence and friendship any where, still less with the jovial, roystering, good-natured Willowdalian, among whom he hoped to find friends and clients. On most occasions, he appeared lost in the maze of his own thoughts, and nearly insensible to external things ; hence, those who approached him for acquaintance or counsel, did so with faint prospect of succeeding.

His name, as his mss. afterward showed, was, in a degree, indicative of his varied and adventurous life. He had wandered here and there in the capacity of school-master, preacher, practiser of physic, and had at last turned lawyer : hence he was truly named Israel, as if christened in anticipation of his destiny ; and the starving success he met with in his last adopted vocation, and his vain struggle for wealth and fame, would justify a Quarrell against Fortune.

He was hindered in his attempts by too much egotism, an overweening confidence in his own talents and acquirements. Instead of the lucubrations of twenty years which Brutton says are essential to make the good judge, and the lawyer also, his had been continued but a few months, and of course doomed him to bitter disappointment. He had only reached the *propylæum* of the temple of legal lore ; picked up what little learning had casually come

in his way ; gazed, perhaps, with wonder and reverence upon the gigantic and severe architecture of the ancient pile, without so much as withdrawing his view therefrom, entering within and remaining for years, gathering wisdom and inspiration from the spirits of the past, whose embalmed thoughts are preserved in big, bulky volumes on the dusty shelves, or are hidden in the dark recesses of the alcoves.

Day after day passed on. Quarrell sat in his office by a scant array of text-books, or, weary of these, framed imaginary pleas, or filed bills in some fictitious court of chancery. Then he wrote orders of study, as he doubtless did in his school-boy days, or jotted down a maxin ; and when hard pushed by fate, and thrust into an angle in which he hardly knew which way to turn, he for a time lost sight of the ills of an empty purse and reluctant credit, by making retrospective and prospective estimates of the cost of existence. Many of these calculations, along with mathematical demonstrations and devotional exercises, were curiously interpolated in some of his legal documents, thus affording indices of his character and contemplations.

Still business came not. I dropped into his office one day, and began a friendly chat, marked by long intervals of silence, in one of which the sharp buzzing of a fly, entangled in the web of a spider in an angle of the room, invited our attention. The wrathful spider, successful attorney as he was, had just seized his victim, and proceeded to dispose of him according to the ancient code of practice in use among the spider species. Undesignedly, I turned my eye toward Quarrell, and saw an expression, half-smiling, half-sorrowful, come over his angular face, as he evidently comprehended the moral, and remarked that 'the spider, having got sure hold of a client, was a more fortunate lawyer than himself.' A few words more, and he relapsed into his habitual dreamy, subjective state. I plied him with numerous questions, if possible to draw him out of it, but all my endeavors were vain. My interest in the character and history of the man, had been aroused without being gratified, and I was compelled to leave him — still a mystery.

Time wore on : board-bills and washing-bills accumulated — not so with fee-bills ; and the attritions incidental to existence, had made Israel's wardrobe look rather thread-bare. He wore a huge, amorphous hat, always much too big for him, whose vast circumference of brim settled in ruin over his solemn countenance, while the voluminous skirts of his weather-beaten coat hung dejectedly about his legs, as if in kindly sympathy with the feelings of its wearer, and with the friendly intention of hiding any evidences of dissolution rearward : yet now and then a tell-tale breeze would waft them aside, and reveal the pressing need of patches.

As Quarrell had his office scot-free, he kept his courage up, and his muscular system braced to a proper tension. When he walked abroad, instead of drooping despairingly earthward, he maintained his perpendicularity, inflated his lungs with pure inspiring air, and looked hopefully away into the depths of the blue sky. While in-

doors, if despondency seemed taking fast hold of his spirit, and weakening his energies, he straightway seized his pen and wrote, *labor omnia vincit*, or some such comforting aphorism. If his stock of proverbs failed, he wrote those of his own composition. He kept in memory the saying of Lord Chancellor Eldon, that most lawyers succeed by commencing practice without a shilling.

Fortune smiled at last upon my hero — a faint smile. He was retained in a petty case before a magistrate, and was successful; but he plied the justice with such an excess of syllogisms and Latin hexameters, which the worthy man took to be legal maxims, that his understanding, for the occasion, forsook him. Such a favorable conclusion delighted Quarrell exceedingly, and seemed an earnest of future success. He was also employed in several cases in the county and circuit courts; but there, for some cause, his good fortune forsook him — he was always defeated.

His knowledge of the law was so scanty, and he had so little tact in the conduct of his business, that when resistance was offered, he was presently in perplexity. Alas! that he never bethought himself of suing capricious Fortune for breach of promise of some time wedding him, or at least recovered ample damages for violated engagements and blighted hopes. What multitudes, though not parties to, would have been silently interested in, the success of such a suit as a precedent for future actions!

The elocution of Quarrell was of a peculiar style. His customary taciturnity was balanced by unusual volubility when he spoke in public. He made a sensation, especially in his exordium. He never began speaking without getting worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and then he stormed and effervesced like a glass of soda-water, and became insipid as soon. While speaking, important paragraphs and sentences were indicated by the bending of his body so that the upper section made nearly a right angle with the lower; and then, resuming his perpendicular, accent, emphasis, and punctuation were expressed by throwing his head forward with such rapid force and suddenness, that one watching the motions of his acutely-pointed nose, would readily fancy him a legal woodpecker making his way into the heart of his adversary. When fairly on his legs to make a speech, he was under the influence of an afflatus which threw him into the most uncouth shapes, and apparently painful postures. In this respect he might well vie with the ancient priestess of Delphos when mounted on the tripod and under the inspiration of the spirit of prophecy.

He had studied the efforts of the ancient orators, and in his desire to be guided by the sublimest models of eloquence, he lost sight of times, places, and capacities, and larded his discourse with an abundance of classic quotation, seldom appreciated by those to whom it was addressed: hence most of his displays were but failures, lacking a fitness for the occasions which called them forth.

After the lapse of a few months, Israel's health failed — a dark tide of adverse fortune rolled over his hopes, and an expression of melancholy settled on his countenance. He mingled less and less

in the society of the Willowdallians, secluding himself in his office, or wandering, cane in hand, along unfrequented roads, and indulging in Jaques-like meditations in the forests. He had few friends, and apparently wanted none — meeting all advances of aid and comfort with chilling responses. Day by day he released himself from the social sympathies of the Willowdallians, and in a short time, came to occupy but a small place in their thoughts.

A mile or two from the village is a quiet, densely-wooded vale, best reached by secluded paths, or by a way across the fields. Through it a brook runs brawling in its hasty course, till its waters, dashing wildly down a steep hill-side, are lost in the turbid flow of a neighboring river. This woody dell, with all its original wildness, had been left in the vicinity of well-tilled acres, and not far off I have seen a community of wood-choppers; yet this circumstance may be no strange matter.

Neglected by the first settlers, and difficult of access, their descendants, discouraged by the unwedgable and unmerchutable appearance of the trees growing there, had very willingly let them remain unconverted into cord-wood. Lofty oaks grow there, which, having long ago been deprived of the aid of their forest brothers, in sharing and dissipating the force of storms, have struck their roots still deeper into the earth, and boldly spread abroad their branches, while beneath grow those of a smaller size, as if seeking shelter and protection. Grape-vines of luxuriant growth have twined affectionately about their trunks and limbs, their shoots taking hold of contiguous trees, until the patriarchal oak and the humble hazel, the tall maple and the scrubby beech, are now united in the bonds of *arboristic* brotherhood — an every way virtuous polygamic knot — otherwise a type of Mormon society in Salt Lake City.

As it is, this wood-seclusion presents a more natural and flourishing harmony of individuals, an Arcadian retreat more inviting than the most complete experiment of socialism among mankind. This unfrequented nook was the favorite haunt of desponding Israel. Vexed with the troubles of being, and desiring a withdrawal of his thoughts and sympathies from the cold and selfish world, and to hold converse with his innermost self, thither would he retire, and for hours sit musing, or lie beside the rivulet and find his fevered spirit soothed by its murmuring music.

One sunny autumnal day, after the frost had turned the foliage to golden and roseate hues, and while the leaves were gently falling, after wandering vainly about with dog and gun, I found myself in the midst of this dell. Being weary, I sat down on the mossy projection of a rock shielded from view, and lighting a cigar, began leisurely smoking. Not considering myself as an intruder, I felt quite comfortable while enjoying the fragrant fume of my *Prince*, but in the midst of my smoky happiness, I espied the *genius loci*, walking abstractedly by the brook-side, then pausing, and muttering incoherently to himself. While watching him in anxious wonder, I saw him take from his bosom, at the same time deeply

sighing, a dingy packet of letters, and begin reading them. Their perusal was interrupted by expressions of anguish painfully visible in his countenance, but which found no relief in tears. When a number of them had been read, he returned them to his bosom, and walked hastily away. I had seen sufficient to convince me that some mystery was involved in Quarrell's history, and there was faint prospect of its revelation. Presently I returned to the village, and made no mention of my surmises.

One morning Israel did not come to breakfast at the inn as usual — a failure which elicited some remark. His absence from dinner provoked still further inquiry and uneasiness; and his not appearing at supper, induced us to visit his office to see what had become of him. A knock at the door called forth no response from within, nor did a second; and an entry revealed the startling fact that Israel Quarrell was *non est inventus*. Whither had he departed? A feeling of gloom, a sensation of the supernatural came over us, as we stood there in the dark of evening, each looking inquiringly in the face of his friend, as though expecting to find there a revelation of the mystery. In the stillness naught was heard but the melancholy sighing of an October breeze amid the boughs of a willow that grew beside the building, and spread its branches protectingly over it, and let its pendent limbs sway fitfully against the window. What if the corporate part of Israel, which we had day by day seen wasting away, consumed by the vehemency of the spirit that burned so like a furnace-flame within, had all at once crumbled; and as its animating essence flamed high, and trembled expiringly like a candle in its socket, what if some gaseous ignition had caused an explosion which had dissipated all its dusty particles about the room! The disposition of the *debris* in the apartment was favorable to the supposition. It had remained unswept since he first entered it, and, as might be expected, there was a huge accumulation of scribbled papers, cigar-stumps, and rubbish indescribable. Appearances encouraged the idea of a detonating experiment of some sort; for a chair and a table were over-turned, and most of the litter and dust was blown up to the sides of the room.

Raking over the huge heap of rubbish, we discovered, buried beneath, a crownless hat, a pair of soleless boots, and Quarrell's coat of easily recognized green, torn almost to tatters — fearful indications of the sad fate of their ancient owner. The catastrophe, if there was one, must have been terrible indeed, for we found nothing resembling organic remains. A preternatural solemnity marked all our feelings at that hour: the weeping-willow, underneath whose boughs we were, was significant of the last scene in the life of the departed, and the sighing gales were his requiem.

We found a box of books, some well-worn clothes and bedding; a hundred copies or more of a sixteen-page pamphlet, purporting to be a treatise on the proper treatment and ultimate cure of certain diseases, of which work he was author and sole proprietor. There were sheets of paper, having thereon inventions of personal

expenses, schemes for making money, letters from relatives, fragments of sermons and rejected applications for employment. All these remained as mementoes of a dark and unsuccessful past, ending in a sorrowful uncertainty. Quarrell the lawyer had vanished, leaving no clue to the future. We gathered up his literary remains, and as his history, and lapse into oblivion, had awakened much curiosity, and would provoke an indeterminate amount of lingant activity, it was concluded on all hands best to have his story rendered into writing for the special benefit of all Willowdalian.

Being rather familiar with the subject, and by dint of repeated interrogatory attempts, tolerably well versed in the details of his more private life, the performance of the task seemed naturally to fall upon me. No objection was made to my taking possession of the MSS.

CHAPTER SECOND

'DEFERAR in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.'—HORAT. EPIST.

IN these monetary and commercial times, when the circumference of a dollar is the horizon of most people, and little of interest or value is supposed to lie beyond, a well-filled purse seems essential to a comfortable existence. Hence, a feeless lawyer, as Quarrell was, will have debts accumulating against him, and will eventually, in an algebraic sense, become worse off than nothing. In all his transpositions and relations, the *minus* symbol will indicate his pecuniary condition, and people will be reluctant of an introduction in the same social equation.

So had it been with Israel Quarrell. When I intruded myself into the office of his literary executor, and received the rubbish of letters and papers to be wrought into a tale for the amusement of the Willowdalian, I had small idea that this act of intermeddling made me liable for all his debts, and legacies, if any. Unwittingly I have become an executor *de son tort*. An inventory of all the assets in my hands has shown them insufficient in their present state to discharge the claims of his creditors. Shall his reckoning with my landlord of the inn remain unliquidated, and the honest bill of his washerwoman, for keeping him in wholesome linen, continue unpaid?

What, therefore, can I do but make the most of the materials I have, by expanding them into a story for a magazine—thus making the musty MSS. of Quarrell realize the means of cancelling his indebtedness?

Having got safely through some introductory leaves of peril, I must indulge in a retrospective look. After meditating this morning during an hour or two over my materials, I begin to perceive what a complex piece of work the writer of a bit of biography engages in; what a tangled skein the threads of life make, and when once it is committed to his hands, he is expected to free it from all

snarls and knatted tangles, hold in his fingers all the broken ends, and to tie and wind them orderly, so that others may unwind them at their will. If in his endeavors to find some lost link, he becomes impatient, and in an unlucky moment of petulance, shakes the threads of being and feeling and passion, then there is an entanglement which the snipping shears of Atropos only can disentangle !

‘FORTUNATUS et ille, deos qui novit agrestes.’ — VIRG. GEORG. 2 : 498.

A CAREFUL inspection of the MSS., shows the State of Vermont to have been the birth-place of my hero. The western shore of Lake Memphramagog, near the line which forms the boundary between the Green Mountain State and the Canadian province, was the probable home of the Quarrell family. At what precise point of time the birth of Israel took place, I am unable to state, although I have used much diligence in my endeavors to know of a certainty, having a great desire to be accurate in all my statements. Yet a knowledge of this fact is not absolutely required. If known, it would soon be forgotten, and, therefore, might as well be left uninquired after.

It is more proper to have his beginning, and the period of blankets and triangular apparel shrouded in somewhat of traditional mist. Dryness and particularity of detail would, I fear, greatly lessen the interest so essential at the outset.

It is not too bold to affirm that the accidents of time and place pertain to the existence of every individual from the very date of his appearance in the world : and even though the readers of this story are left in topographic and chronologic ignorance of this most interesting period of Israel's life, they will not doubt that he was born at some precise point of time, as well as in some particular place. And this slight knowledge is all that most people care to know about the matter.

Doubtless the glare of broad day-light dazzled his eyes, and his visual perceptions of the external world were confused by continual winking : nor was he free from that irritability peculiar to infantile existence. We may suppose him to have been in those days pinched and vexed with winds—as what infant is not ? — and to have manifested a consciousness of his uncomfortable situation and pains by loud and persistent cries—as what baby, however good-natured, does not ? By-and-by his eyes, becoming used to the light, he looked speculatively upon the flaming candle, and never tired of gazing upon the wrinkled face of his good grand-mother, who served him in the capacity of nurse, hymning him to sleep by the music of Mother Goose's Melodies. By degrees he familiarized himself with the appearances and proportions of surrounding objects, and daily exhibited symptoms of awakening intelligence. Before he had been a year a resident of this planet, and without having the least notion of the law of gravitation, he had performed the astonishing feat of balancing himself on his legs, and may be

took a step or two before he fell bumping on the floor. Nor did his progress stop here. He uttered some articulate sounds, imitations of human speech, which no one but his doting mother could interpret. These utterances were of telegraphic brevity, and not readily rendered into good English. Such a specimen of juvenile precocity could not longer go undenominated.

After due deliberation, he was christened Israel, as if in anticipation of his future adventures.

I must pass rapidly over his early history, and devote my pen to other and more important records. It is enough to say that he grew thriftily, 'was pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' as is the character of new humanity, and, at the proper period, doffed his infantile attire, and put on habiliments of a fashion, which mothers — blessings on them — ever attentive to the welfare and convenience of boyhood, know best how to devise.

He was the youngest of a half-a-score of children; and, being regarded by his parents as the most gifted of them all, and most likely to do honor to the hitherto undistinguished Quarrell stock, by becoming a 'great man,' was the recipient of special attention, learning his A, B, C almost before leaving the maternal lap. Soon he was sent to a small school, taught by one Solomon Switch, *Magister* as he usually subscribed himself, a man of long pedagogical experience, and universally regarded as the possessor of extraordinary learning. To a tolerable knowledge of the English rudiments, he united a smattering of Latin and Geometry. Never backward about making a display of his varied acquirements, he seldom permitted an opportunity of so doing to pass unimproved. He would talk so mysteriously in a deceased language, and discourse so convincingly for hours of triangles, the hypotenuse, and the quadrature of the circle, that he was the wonder and admiration of the whole country for miles around.

To this learned man was the juvenile Quarrell sent, and having acquired the first elements beforehand, he was at once set to the study of syllabic combinations. The rapid progress the young pupil made, delighted old Switch, and the deferential manner in which he listened to his teachings, rendered this gray-haired Solomon ambitious of training the docile Israel after his own heart — of imparting to him the wondrous wealth of his own mind, and in the end, making him the sole heir of all his wisdom. Could his wishes have been gratified, I have not a doubt (such was his devotion) that at his demise, he would have left his worthy disciple an estate in fee simple to all his learning, and allowed the rest of his pupils to suffer the poverty of ignorance.

Such was the industry of both, that in a few months there was not a reading exercise in Dilworth which he had not mastered, or a column of words, however perverse in orthography, that he could not readily spell, giving the proper accentuation. Other studies, as geography and arithmetic, followed in their proper time, but proved mere pastimes to our juvenile hero. While the other boys of the school were playing marbles, or rambling through the woods

in search of birds' nests, he remained at the master's desk, reading page after page of history, or looking at the diagrams in Euclid. After he became subject to the tuition of the sage Switch, he appeared to have relinquished boyish games — *relinquere nuces*, as his classic master had it — and under his formative influence, he assumed a bearing and manner much beyond his years.

There were seasons, however, when the contagious mischief of his companions operated on the customary orderly nature of the boy Israel, inducing him to commit some petty crimes, for which he received a gentle reproof, or some other equally slight punishment. On one occasion, not having a due fear of his preceptor before his eyes, and being instigated thereto by an evil-disposed boy who sat beside him, he slyly put a crooked pin in old Switch's chair; and as was foreseen, no sooner had he seated himself firmly, as was his wont, than he resumed a perpendicular position so suddenly, and glared around the school-room with such a terribly painful scowl, that it struck terror into the hearts of both the innocent and the guilty. Strange to say, Israel was deemed an innocent instrument in this rash experiment, and passed with scarce an admonition, while the prompter of the deed, being an old offender, and never a favorite with the suffering master, had his posterior person visited with so vigorous an application of the ferule, that he was observed to maintain a sedentary position reluctantly for near a week afterward.

Apparently Switch, in his devoted love for his pupil, thought himself entitled to no more physical regard than an insect in the hands of an entomologist, and therefore doomed to suffer pain, and, if need be, yield himself a victim to scientific experiment. One day Israel had carelessly drawn upon his slate a scalene triangle, and several circles, in one of which he had very exactly inscribed a square, and about another circumscribed one. These coming under the worthy tutor's notice, astonished him beyond measure: he at once set the lad down as a prodigy, and told his doting parents, without their having the faintest notion of a triangle, or of inscribed or circumscribed figures, that their son was undoubtedly a genius, and might some day discover the long-sought quadrature of the circle. All these encomiums and predictions were fondly treasured up in their minds, and large hopes entertained of the future. As the boy increased in size, and the buttons burst from his clothes, all the needed changes and enlargements were cheerfully attended to, for they were viewed as so many indications of his growth into the eventual 'great man.'

But other duties and toils awaited the boy Israel. He could not always go to school. His father, being poor, and worn by a life of labor, needed his assistance in the discharge of his agricultural employments, and accordingly he was regretfully removed from the worthy old pedagogue Switch. He proved to be a play-at-work farmer in the true Virgilian style, and had little relish for the rugged and perspiring work of georgic life. In consideration of his being a genius, and an eminent man in prospect, he was indulged

in his love of reading, and a propensity for solitary wanderings amid the wildwood picturesque scenery around his birth-place. Very early, too, he evinced a fondness for day-dreaming and reverie, and a taste for a species of architecture, commonly known as 'air-castles.' This propensity, daily nourished, grew stronger and more apparent as he verged toward manhood.

Natural scenery has much to do in the development and direction of the mental habitudes and feelings. The physical appearance of a country is in a degree indicative of a nation's advancement and character. Switzerland, with its immense glaciers and the terrific avalanche; its dizzy precipices and monarchs of mountains capped with enduring snows and wreathed with clouds, has a bold, hardy, and liberty-loving race of men, who nobly scorn the rule of the oppressor; while Italy, with the finest soil and climate in the world, a beautiful sky and an enervating atmosphere, unworthy of her ancient renown in arms and her proud preëminence in literature and the arts, has an idle, ignorant, and oppressed people. The natives of the Tropics and of the Hyperborean regions, are not in stronger contrast than the Sahara and the Polar snows.

The country in the vicinity of Lake Memphramagog presents a rugged and mountainous aspect: it is a wild region, abounding in dense forests, dark and rocky glens, and wildly-dashing streams. At the time of my hero's residence there, the region had so little arable land and its general view was so wintry and cheerless during the greater part of the season, that few people had gone thither. When the reign of Hyems had fairly set in, the whole sky was filled with feathery flakes of snow falling waveringly, spreading over the earth a robe of dazzling whiteness, and obliterating all traces of roads and foot-steps. Then fierce winds would arise and whirl the snow into impassable drifts, or fill the vales and mountain-gorges. The air grew gloomy with the storm, and to the bewildered eye of the beholder, enveloped in cool and fleecy clouds, all former terrestrial relations seemed sundered and scenes forgotten, and he would quite fancy himself spirited away from this dirty earth to far-off cloud-land.

The winters were long and unsocial periods to the Memphramagog people. Confined to a radius of a few miles, families were forced to remain mostly about their cottages. When the snows were of great depth and the frosty blasts swept piercingly, they seldom ventured forth, but remained in-doors, hearing the remorseless storms raging without, while they sat comfortably around a roaring fire of logs not niggardly heaped up in the ample fireplace: *ligna super foco large reponens*.

Having but a small collection of books, and most of those of ancient type and binding—volumes of witch-craft and ghost-stories, and that quality of matter, which had descended as heirlooms in the Quarrell family—so often read that they had lost all their novelty, the long winter evenings would have passed tediously, had not the household had an inexhaustible fountain of interest and

story-telling ever present in that dry and withered relic of antiquity — Aunt Canidia.

A ready belief of the marvellous and supernatural was a peculiarity of the Quarrell family. They had a large swallow, especially for the ghostly. Almost any thing reported of a goblin or a witch obtained ready credence with them. The whole ancestry teemed with tales of witch-craft, which at their first relation appeared absurdly incredible; but they had come down in oft-repeated traditions, and had become too well authenticated to admit of disbelief. Israel's grand-father regarded Cotton Mather as a much more veracious personage than Euclid or Lord Bacon, and would much quicker discredit the truth of the Pythagorean proposition, or find fault with the Inductive Method, than for a second doubt that he had many times seen ghosts.

One, in looking upon antique Aunt Canidia, would suppose her age to fall not much short of a century. She would be imagined to have been once buried amid the dust and relics of the past, then exhumed and pushed into day-light, bringing a load of memories, especially of ghostly ones, along with her. When the wintry night-winds were heard sighing mournfully without, and the clock ticking solemnly within, the spirit of story-telling came upon her, arousing her slumbering recollections. Laying aside her knitting, and lighting her perpetual pipe, she would smoke till enveloped and nearly hidden from view in volumes of tobacco-vapor, and then begin her relations to the expectant listeners gathered around. Hours were consumed in telling apocryphal tales, and the wonder excited thereat produced a sort of wild, staring gaze; a frightened expression in the features of the younger and more impressible portion of the race, from which it never wholly recovered.

Israel grew to be a firm believer of the ghostly narratives of his gray-haired relative; and in his lonely wanderings often fancied he heard a stealthy step close behind him; and if by mischance his clothes caught on a bush, he yelled with fright, thinking himself in the clutches of some merciless goblin. It could not be otherwise than that this early training had a potent influence upon his young and plastic nature. The frightened look his face wore when he sat in the circle of his brothers and sisters around his wintry relative, had become hardened into an unchangeable expression by the time he reached the years of manhood.

He was a devoted admirer of natural scenery; yet all the impressions he received from material objects reached his mind through such a singular medium, and underwent such endless refractions, that his perceptions were colored and proportioned differently from those of most observers. Attempts to harmonize his perceptions with those of others, would often end in misunderstanding and perplexity. His existence could scarcely be reconciled with the every-day sensations and experiences of ordinary humanity. What wonder, then, that he grew to be an anomaly!

The prospect over the Memphramagog was a fine one, especially when the clouds of mist and fog which frequently gathered over it began breaking away, letting in the sun-light. With enthusiastic delight would Israel watch the vast volumes of vapor clearing away after a storm, and the glorious rays of the sun hastening their retreat. Then would he give himself up to his meditations and dreams, and inspired by them, become for the while an inhabitant of a world little removed from the dirt and din of our own sphere. In sultry summer-time, when his father and brothers were hard at work in the meadow or the grain-field, he was permitted to run at large; for what had genius to do with the perspirations of farmer-life? Often during his sylvan adventures at the approach of a thunder-storm, would he remain in the forest, fascinated by the vivid flashes of lightning and the loud roar of the thunder-peals, as they echoed and reechoed among the hills and glens. A thorough soaking seldom failed to arouse him from these spells of dreamy musing, and, restored to consciousness, he would make his way homeward.

According to the dictum of the myriad-minded Shakspeare:

‘We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.’

The dreamy element predominated in the composition of Israel, still the corporate part of him enlarged each year. His secretory system performed as it should. His disrelish for systematic physical labor annually increased, so that he did very little work on the farm, and would assuredly have been called an incumbrance in the family, had he not been a genius. Old Switch, his tutor, in surrendering him up to his parents, had so pronounced him; and parents, brothers, and sisters, believed what he said. But it was thought high time to put him to some use; for had all the family been equally gifted, starvation would have come upon them. Israel was then a slender lad of seventeen years, and if not remarkably robust, had a good degree of vigor and elasticity of constitution, which might serve some purpose. A domestic council was held, and trifling persuasion was wanted from the maternal head of the household, to induce the father to release him from farther agricultural service, and prepare him for a transposition to academic halls. His brothers were content to work wearily at home, hoping some day to see their brother a ‘great man.’ Still they had no very definite notion what sort of an animal ‘a great man’ is. His mother and sisters having more of a turn for piety than the male portion of the family, looked forward to the time when they should hearken to his learned displays in the pulpit, far surpassing in spiritual eloquence preacher Goodman. But old Ezekiel Quarrell was of much the same way of thinking as his sons: he cared not so much what kind of a man he proved, provided he got to be a man of magnitude. There dwelt in his bosom an earnest wish that the Quarrell stock might be hoisted

into public notice. For an indefinite period the current of its history had flowed so silently and equably along, that its murmur had fallen unheeded on the world's ear, and made no lasting impression on its memory. Their archives were the fly-leaves of odd books—brief registers of births, marriages, and deaths, the readily written history of the larger part of mankind.

In a few weeks all needful preparations were made, and Israel, clad in a new suit of his mother's best home-spun, and his pockets heavy with some of his father's hard dollars, was ready, for the first time in his life, to bid adieu to the innocent pleasures and endearments of home. Tears were shed in great plenty: and freighted with a large supply of good advice, he set out in company with his father for a college situated a hundred miles southward, somewhere among the Green Mountains.

The incidents of so short a journey, hardly demand mention. Israel, and Ezekiel his father, were astonished at the contrast between the one-story log school-house by the road-side, in which the hero of this story had passed his earlier years, and the vast building that he was about to enter. Father and son were kindly received, and shown through the various departments of the institution. Wonders were also revealed to them, and illustrated by strange apparatus. Our worthy and respectable friend, Mr. Ezekiel Quarrell, happening to advance some unscientific views on the subject of thunder and lightning, a quiet professor charged a Leyden jar with electricity, and blandly inviting his rustic friend to apply one hand to its outside, and make a certain communication with the other, the solemn man of science seemed startled at witnessing the sudden tremor which thrilled the old man's nerves, and hearing an involuntary shriek of pain.

All required arrangements having been completed, Ezekiel took his departure homeward with an exalted opinion of the experimental wisdom of the learned men in the college to which his son had been transplanted.

It is not the purpose of this history to relate the incidents of the academic life of its subject. I am not in receipt of them, and were I, to accomplish it might be a foolish waste of paper. From the moment his freshman life began, his corporate increase came to a stop. His altitude and greatest circumference had already been reached. At the expiration of five years, he had got the prescribed quantum of those defunct languages, the Latin and Greek, and could talk fluently of spheres and asymptotes, and had, moreover, acquired such a love of logic, that he was hardly willing to give currency to an axiom without attempting to settle its truth by a syllogism. With such an exhaustive diligence had he applied himself to his studies, by night and by day, that his body shrivelled up, and his whole system assumed an appearance of drought which continued with no subsequent restoration to humidity.

Finally he received a parchment title to a Baccalaureate, and, diploma in hand, turned his back to the college with the deep resolve to make some noise, and perhaps confusion, in the world.

It would never do, thought he, for the promising disciple of Professor Switch, pronounced by him a prodigy, to rest content with a life of quiet and unheard-of obscurity.

To the great grief of his mother, he had determined not to devote himself to sermon-making; but on the contrary, to the law, which promised more opportunities of attaining wealth, and 'that strange spell — a name.' His father being unable to assist him farther, told his son Israel that he must henceforth rely upon his own exertions for the means of support and advancement. Unwilling to return to the tillage of the paternal acres, he concluded to betake himself to pedagogy in this emergency, as many an illustrious man had done before him, and to give his leisure to the study of Blackstone.

At the beginning of his pedagogico-legal studies he was very much the attenuated individual he appeared at Willowdale. He had also at this epoch his later idiosyncratic notions in respect to dress: he was eminently conservative on this point, never yielding to the whims of fashion. His favorite equipment was a green coat with metal buttons, very voluminous in the skirts; breeches so brief that they barely covered the tops of his boots, and a hat of expansive brim; nor had he ever been initiated into the mystery of the tie of a cravat — once around the neck with a careless knot and both ends at liberty, was his invariable mode. The spirit of his dress appeared to be, to have as many skirts and ends fitfully flapping in the breeze as possible. While crossing the mountain-ranges of his native State, ascending the sharp profile of a hill, or cautiously making his way along the verge of a precipice, with such an exposure of rigging and sail to the rough winds, it is a wonder that he was never flitted away like an autumn leaf.

Had such a melancholy occurrence taken place, and he been untimely whirled into oblivion, then there would have been an end of his history, and consequently no need of writing this narrative. Hence we may discover on what cobweb-like contingencies a writer has to depend. It is frequently the case, in the course of a story, that two incidents or events are so widely separated, the writer must, like the spider, spin some threads, give them to the light breeze, and if chance allows them secure points of attachment, availing himself of their assistance, he may pass safely over the threatening chasm. Let him pass on such a slight film with deliberate slowness and caution, lest by breaking, he be lost beyond recovery in the dark depths below!

A few such perils I have already met with; and from the disjointed and fragmentary character of the mss. I may expect future exigencies. How are their deficiencies to be supplied but by some uniting lines of fiction?

Let no one, then, laugh at the writer of this story, if in coming chapters he be seen, like the spider employed in a simile a moment ago, swaying to-and-fro on the suspension-bridge of the imagination while striving to reach the precipitous cliffs of truth and fact beyond.

T H E H I N D U ' S R E W A R D .

'I HAVE HEARD OF FEW THINGS MORE TOUCHING THAN THE REPLY OF A RYOT WHO BROUGHT AN ENGLISH BABE TO THE FORT. REWARDS WERE PRESSED ON HIM, BUT HE REFUSED THEM ALL, SAYING: 'IF I HAVE DONE RIGHTLY, DIG A WELL TO MY MEMORY.''
LETTER FROM INDIA.

The fort is strong and the night is still,
What do the watchers fear?
'T is but a shadow that they see,
But a foot-fall that they hear:
Ah! 'British hearts should mock at fear,
And grow in danger strong;'
But not when they guard what they love best,
From worse than deadly wrong!
Calm lies the hill in the moon-light glow,
But human tigers may lurk below.

A form moved slowly up the vale,
Each hand on the trigger falls,
He has passed with a word the native guard,
Who watch *without* the walls.
Some news from Delhi sent to *them*?
Some leader whom they wait?
With a bold, free step the stranger came,
And on to the very gate:
The click of a hundred locks he heard
Ere he had uttered a single word.

Bears he some tidings of deep import?
A message of joy or wo?
Of the coming tramp of the British host?
Or the gathering of the foe?
He wore the native garb and hue,
Though he spoke the English tongue;
Yet the muskets sank from the shoulders down,
And the heavy gate back swung,
But sobs shook many a manly vest
When he laid down a burden he bore on his breast.

Fast asleep in the torches' glare,
With lips that sleeping smiled,
Rosy and dimpled and soft and fair,
Was the face of the English child.
He wakes in the clasp of gentle arms
And a rain of woman's tears;
But lips that kiss him grow ashy white
With newer, wilder fears.
Who was his father? his mother — where?
'Peace,' said the Hindu, 'my story hear:

'She came to my hut in the gray of morn,
Her feet from the jungle were bleeding and torn;
Her head to the sun and dew was bare,
Save its tangled masses of golden hair;
And her large bright eyes with fear grew wild,
As she looked from my face to her wailing child.
Famine and frenzy burned in her eye,
She asked but for food, and had turned to fly:

In vain, for her feverish strength was gone,
 She faltered and sank on the threshold stone;
 And I knew when we lifted her through the door
 She never would cross that threshold more:
 No scathe from a human hand she bore;
 But horror and anguish had raged in her breast,
 And our sultry sun-shine had done the rest.

'At first she raved of her frantic flight,
 Of the blazing noon and the dreadful night:
 Thrice had the tiger passed by the bed
 Of the highly born and the gently bred:
 Terror and hunger and thirst she had known
 In the pathless jungle all alone.
 She slept and wakened — that scene was gone,
 And her murmured words had another tone:
 'Why did I leave him? He bade me fly!
 Did I look from the hill with a straining eye:
 They come — they are leading them forth — to die!
 Friend and beloved in the dust are low:
 Cling not so closely! Oh! let me go!
 Falling, still falling: my sight grows dim:
 Babe! but for thee, I had died with him!'

'And this, too, passed: with the setting day,
 The dark clouds rolled from her mind away,
 And there came to her memory again
 Nothing of horror or grief or pain:
 She was back again in her childhood's home,
 Her fair young sisters around her come:
 'Tis her brother's call she is answering now;
 'Tis her mother's kiss on her fevered brow:
 Oh! could that mother have dreamed her fate,
 Widowed and frenzied and desolate!

'The sun-rise broke o'er the mountain's steep,
 As her eyes unclosed from a troubled sleep:
 The room in the golden rays grew bright;
 But there flashed o'er her beauty a holier light,
 As she spake of ONE who had died to save,
 Of a love and a life *beyond* the grave:
 One look on the fair babe by her side,
 With a smile and a blessing: and so she died.

'Dear to our hearts had the infant grown;
 Fain had we cherished him as our own:
 We have hushed in his breast the orphan pain:
 We have nursed the rose to his cheek again;
 But my power is weak, as my will is good,
 And the SAHIB thirsts for the English blood.

'Take back your treasures: it may not be:
 Offer no gold and no gems to me.
 If the deed I have done of reward be worth,
 Bid in some desert a fount gush forth;
 There will the fainting wanderer drink;
 Some of the giver perchance may think,
 With a blessing and prayer, if they bend the knee:
Mine shall that prayer and that blessing be;
 And not to this helpless babe alone,
 But to coming ages good may be done.'

Windholme, Nov.

M. L. E.

REFINEMENT IN MANNER AND CONVERSATION.

BY T. BIRB BRADLEY, A.M.

'NEMO adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.'—HORACE, EPIST. 1:1, 89.

THE value of a graceful address and refined manner cannot be over-rated. However commanding their intellectual characters may be, men are oftentimes judged by their outward appearances. On account of this estimate, many learned men have been unappreciated in certain circles of society. A consciousness of his inability to glide with unruffled ease upon the stream of etiquette, caused sagacious Thomas Baker to refuse an introduction to the Earl of Oxford and the men of 'his set.' Devoting their whole lives to the cultivation of the mind; toiling assiduously for 'the food that does not perish,' men of letters generally have neglected the acquisition of bodily graces. When they emerge from their studious retirement, they find themselves unfitted for the ways of the world. Entering mixed assemblies, they become useless burdens. Goldsmith was peculiarly unhappy in this respect: the current of his genial humor was congealed by the cold conventionalities of life. His plastic temper could ill brook the stately pomposity of the fashionable dignitaries of the day; and, in consequence of this, those dignitaries often depreciated his genuine abilities. Men of letters cannot smooth the furrows of thought upon their brows with as much facility as they can arrange the pages of a manuscript for publication. They cannot wreath their lips into suitable smiles with as much precision as they can elaborate a profound argument. To them Venus is not the most adorable divinity upon Olympus; nor do they study with intensest application the graceful qualities displayed by the courtly shepherd of Mount Ida. Their forms, bent with severe study, they cannot in the twinkling of an eye erect into 'presentable shape.' Elegance of attitude is not assumed with dexterity by them; nor are they at all expert in the beatitudes of posture. In voices, earnest, eloquent, and

'Mild, as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,'

they cannot, or will not, frame honeyed sentences for fashionable assemblies. They feign no eagerness which they do not feel; they endeavor to conceal no aversion really felt; when weary they are prone to yawning, and when exhausted, they permit nature to make apparent her wants. Unaccustomed to the demands of polite society, they cannot adopt themselves to its manifold requirements. In the entangling mazes of ceremony, they would be more hopelessly lost than in the labyrinth of Minos. The silliest coxcomb, with the most lamentable deficiency of brains, will generally

surpass men of letters in 'being agreeable.' He will skip, with unexampled ease, into the drawing-room; while they, in the abstractions of thought, are unmindful of the necessity of skipping. He, by his ready tact, becomes 'charming,' while they, by their superior knowledge, are rendering themselves 'highly disagreeable.' He is able, without a single clearly-defined idea, to glide with grace into the current of conversation; while they, by the multitude of their thoughts, are unable to utter one word. Upon the stream of small talk the fop floats as a flower; while the man of intellect, from the very weight of his knowledge, ingloriously flounders, and sinks to the bottom. Thus scholars often retire from social amusements, disgusted with themselves and averse to society. They are thus, by fashionable men and women, voted 'outrageous bores;' and, to revenge themselves, they return the compliment, by altogether despising the bestowers of the ungracious epithet. Hurrying to their studious pursuits with renewed zeal, in order to forget their mortification, they resolve never more to leave their retirement. Regardless of social pleasures, they determine for the future to find true enjoyment in the domains of thought. Thus have some of the profoundest minds been deprived of needful relaxation and exquisite pleasure.

Against this tendency to become veritable hermits, men of letters should always struggle. Their studious habits are too apt to indulge and engender this feeling; and unless suitable means are brought to counteract it, it will certainly increase, and have unlimited sway over them. They should endeavor to estimate refinement of manner at its proper value; and neither above nor below that value. For sentimentalism and prating effeminacy, they must, from the nature of things, always entertain a wholesome contempt. Certainly, in the wide world, we find not a more contemptible animal than the sleek fop, whose sole aim in existence is to live like Alcinous, and to render himself 'interesting to the ladies.' As in valiant Hotspur, it may well engender contempt in any man of lordly stamp to look upon one of these animals, clad in fashionable garments, and

'To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentle-woman.'

In venting this contempt, however, upon pertness and coxcombry, they should not under-rate true dignity and elegance of manners. A graceful exterior will always favorably impress strangers. It is, in itself, a more admirable letter of recommendation than Onesimus ever received from Paul, or Septimicus from his poet-friend. To be dignified without reserve; affable without forwardness; communicative without loquacity; polished without conceit; and at all times obliging—is, indeed, difficult; but to conquer the difficulty is to possess many of the qualities of the true gentleman. The man of refinement finds ready welcome in all circles of society; in every situation of life, his refinement will commend him to men.

There is real enjoyment in the refined gentleman's presence.

Even under circumstances calculated to render him irritable, his courtesy never deserts him. Like the lance of Chevalier Bayard, '*Sans peur et sans reproche*,' his politeness abandons not the true gentleman in his utmost hour of need. He is at all times gracious, and ever prepared to contribute his share to the enjoyment of the company in which he may be placed. He never condescends to any artifice in order to accomplish his wishes; never resorts to base means in order to achieve his designs. He proceeds, in direct, manly, and dignified manner, to the furtherance of his purposes. Having nothing to conceal, he does not fear investigation; having honesty in his heart, he does not dread censure; having faith in himself, he can repose confidence in others. He courts the open light of day — hating darkness, which hides evil deeds.

The true gentleman by no means adopts Lord Chesterfield as a proper model. He does not endeavor to regulate his outward actions, or his inward emotions, by the noble Lord's precepts; but rather by the prompting of an honest heart, loving man, and aware that the God of the heavens beholds his every action. Many, indeed most, of the maxims and counsels of the unctuous Lord were heartless and hollow in the extreme. His entire life was fraught with deceit and hypocrisy. He did not scruple to abuse the confidence of his best friends, or to violate any law of honorable duty. His advice, if followed, will indeed render a man outwardly as a stately pillar — but as one rotten and worm-consumed within, and resting upon an unsafe foundation. A disciple of Chesterfield would not hesitate to commit a dishonest act, if he could do so under the semblance of honesty; nor shrink from lowering himself to the level of meanness, if thus he could gain an apparent elevation. With softest plausibility, his tongue distills honeyed deceit; and with politest glance of the eye, his mouth emits a falsehood. With affected purity of language and unruffled evenness of manner, he proceeds deliberately to the commission of a base deed. With the apparent innocence of the dove, and the visible mildness of the lamb, he nevertheless, like the serpent, inflicts an unseemly wound, and leaves filthy slime upon his deluded victim. With energetic ardor, he applies himself to learn cozening hypocrisy as a science, whereby he may mislead the unsuspecting, and accomplish his purposes. He is the veritable Belial of John Milton:

'He seems
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts are low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.'

Thus vile, and indeed viler, is the pupil of the urbane Lord, albeit he assumes angelic guise. If divested of his superficial graces, disrobed of his artful smoothness and crafty refinement, like the mummy of Egypt stripped of its attractive cerements, the filthy

corpse would appear in its naked hideousness. His whole life must necessarily be a refined lie. Accustomed to look upon accomplishment of manner as the one aim in this world, hollow courtesy and dissembling falsehood become at length engrafted upon his nature. Arriving at the end of life, when Death is about to claim his victim, he endeavors to appease the grim messenger with the same stately pretence which he found so successful among men. The last words of our Chesterfield are polite ones. Then his soul soars to God, where polite hypocrisy and refined vice meet with just reward.

The man who regards the elaborate Earl as 'a city set upon a hill,' must beware how he imitates his model, if he would not lose the confidence of persons of integrity, and greatly diminish his own self-respect. Endeavoring to attain to refinement of manner, he must keep afar off from hypocrisy; striving to be courteous, he must remember not to be treacherous. If he seeks to become the polished gentleman, he must not only spurn the maxims of Chesterfield, but must entertain salutary disdain for the aphorisms of Talleyrand. Granting the possession of extraordinary abilities to Prince de Benevento, the honest man must look with contempt upon his hollowness of heart and his artful duplicity. Intensely and invariably selfish, he had in life only one end to attain — his own advancement. The important Ego was at all periods of his life uppermost in his mind. In the first revolution and subsequent restoration, in every convulsion between them, the fortunes and personal position of M. de Talleyrand were never, for a moment, forgotten. With a reckless disregard of principle, he was willing to sell himself to any party for any means. Yet this man the world called great. 'O sacred name profound!' Where undaunted honesty led the way, he feared to follow; where dignity advanced with composed front, he, in exceeding crookedness, twisted his tortuous way; where virtue stood up opposed to fearful odds, he crawled away to be safe. When duty called, Talleyrand heard not; yet when craftiness suggested the politic course, in great haste he adopted. He crawled into the most lucrative posts of society by the same means which Satan adopted in entering the garden of our first parents. When virtue sought for Talleyrand, she ever found him 'squat like a toad' at the ear of the powerful, 'essaying by his devilish art' to augment his consequence. To the stars he never looked with honest eyes, and in him the moon never beheld the emblem of calm and fearless integrity. To the virtuous gentleman, then, M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Benevento, can never be the trusted leader.

The gentleman will not look to forms, but to realities; not to the semblance, but to the actuality of things. He will ever recognize the law of kindness as the law of etiquette. He will not violate his faith, nor break his plighted word. His refinement will naturally display itself in all his actions; will insensibly glide into his conversation, and be amply conspicuous in his intercourse with men. In his pleasures, he will be as refined as he is cultivated in

his manners. Not over-estimating, he will at the same time enjoy keenly the comforts of life, using, but not abusing them. In prosperity, he is not elated with false ideas of his own importance; is affable to his equals, and gracious to his inferiors. In adversity, he bears his ills with constancy; not all its scourges will rob him of his integrity. In the extreme of poverty, his native nobility of soul will shed such a lustre around him, that every man will delight to honor him. Like Regulus among the Carthaginians, though shorn of the pomp and pride of power, he will be the true Roman, loyal to his sense of duty, awaiting better days with inflexible dignity. If he becomes invested with office, his purity will be incorruptible. If temptations allure him, he will manfully resist them. No charm can seduce him; no phylactery need be placed around his neck to defend him from dangerous weakness. Nor threats, nor entreaties, nor promised rewards will induce him to perjure himself in sight of his God. He sails with flowing canvas past the island of Allurement, with as much graceful tact as Ulysses used in avoiding the deceptive Syrens. Of such a man's virtue, a harvest of gold will not shake the foundations; the yellow stream of Pactolus could not wash it away. If the most formidable opposition is arrayed against him, he will not yield one jot. He may be one opposed to a thousand bad men, yet he will be true Spartan. Like the spotless angel, Abdiel, he will not permit unnumbered spirits to seduce him from the path of duty. He will be always

‘FAITHFUL found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.’

Like the forest oak, pointing heavenward, his aspirations will always be toward the clouds. He will, however, seek no elevation without the consciousness of an ability to occupy it in a worthy manner. He will crawl stealthily to no high place; but in the open light of day will assume it as his own. The false gentleman will alone endeavor to carve out an honorable destiny in a dishonorable manner. He will endeavor so to do, but cannot at all succeed; the same means which caused the elevation of the dishonest gentleman will, at no distant day, lower him ‘many leagues’ in the estimation of all honest men. He will be lowered, too, in a more speedy manner than he was elevated; he will be lowered with assistance and with vengeance. He will be thrown into the ‘Cerberon bog,’ into the very slime of disgrace, of merited and universal derision. From thence, who shall draw the truckling knave, who dared to occupy a prominent position with prominent blots upon his soul? Not one honest hand shall be raised for his relief. He will be condemned to a pit of infamy, far deeper than the one the rebel-angels received as fit dwelling-place. When they heard the potent voice of their dread chief,

‘Up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch

'On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.'

But him, the dishonored, no voice of encouragement shall bid arise and recover him of his disgrace. He shall be there in his pit, an abject thing, yea, a most contemptible thing. Forever wallowing in his dire disgrace, he shall have abundant time to repent him of his evil ways, and his fallible method of crawling into high places. But the true gentleman, adopting no such ignominious means, will be liable to no such ignominious failure. Having passed his life in performing his duty, he does not shrink affrighted from the gaze of death. Calmly as an infant he sinks to rest, while his immortal soul soars to the skies. In the hearts of those who knew his worth, his memory will be forever preserved as that of a 'just man and true.' For the great model of the character portrayed, we are not compelled to examine the histories of other countries than our own. His name, which has been repeated in fondest accents by millions, is *GEORGE WASHINGTON*! Every outward grace, every mental perfection, every moral attribute, seems to cluster around that noble name, the greatest and most sacred

'Of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.'

If any man wishes the true model, here let him find it. In any transaction of life, if he needs guidance, let him read the life of the first and best of American Presidents. To all future men he must stand out in bold relief, the man of integrity, the unyielding patriot, the father of his country, and the benefactor of the world.

The man who assumes this illustrious model, in forming his manners, will not underrate the value of the small courtesies of life. In trivial matters, as in gravest affairs, his urbanity will not forsake the gentleman. Politeness will adorn his every act, whether performed before few or many beholders; to the poor, as to great and powerful, he will be gracious; in the palace-hall or peasant's hut, he will be marked as a man of true refinement. Upon the street, or in the crowded room, the same comely dignity will be apparent in him. Indeed, little deeds of graceful urbanity are sometimes attended with immense importance. A kind word, kindly spoken, often leaves such an impression that nothing thereafter can efface it. Napoleon attributed not a little of the intense devotion with which he was regarded by his soldiers, to his 'small acts of kindness.' Numberless instances of his uniform graciousness of manner are upon the pages of history. On one occasion he had just mounted his horse, when a dragoon on foot came up before him, and presented him with a bundle of dispatches of great importance. Napoleon, as was his custom, immediately opened and read them with the keenest attention. Having perused them, he handed them again to the dragoon, ordering him to return in all haste. 'My horse is dead,' replied the courier; 'I would not lose a moment while engaged upon your service: in consequence, the forced speed killed him.' 'Take my own, then,' said Napoleon. The dragoon

delayed to mount the superb charger. 'I see,' said the General-in-chief, 'you think him too fine for you: mount him, he is your own — there is nothing too superb for a French soldier.'

Such an instance as this, reported to his soldiers, rendered Napoleon ardently beloved by them. At the tones of his commanding voice, they were willing to rush into the deadliest battle. If they caught his eye observing their movements, their energetic valor was ten-fold increased. Not only to his soldiers, but likewise to those who were first his enemies, such courtesies endeared him; and in the hearts of his friends, his grateful kindness enshrined him. Indeed, it is in the smaller acts of life that true nobility of soul is best exhibited. Nor is it an easy task to speak softly, when an angry word is hurled at you; to be kind and conciliating, when sullen obstinacy endeavors to force a quarrel upon you; to be long-suffering, when direct attacks are made on your amiability. An unruffled temper will, however, confer its own reward. It is not, indeed, desirable to be an 'angel in meekness,' inasmuch as such a being could not long dwell upon earth, on account of a want of congeniality. And that man, who has never twice spoken angry words, under slight provocation, is not only rarely found, but, when found, is liable to be suspected of stupidity; or, what is worse, of pusillanimity. Divines, remembering this, should not lavish such virulent invective upon Peter for cutting off the servant's ear; for his sword, though drawn with an excited arm, was drawn under considerable provocation, and in a good cause. But the man who allows himself to be swayed by every gust of passion, to become irate under every trifling annoyance, will find his existence utterly miserable. His case will be very happily represented in the myth of 'Io vaga,' pursued by the importunate gad-fly of Juno jealous. The life of the man of unsubdued temper is a continuance of petty misery; each hour adds to his irritation. Over small vexations, and trifling annoyances, the serene man will invariably triumph. In such matters, Washington was truly great. During his public life, possibly no man was subjected to more and keener trials of patience. Ardently engaged in attending to the interests of his country, his moments were intruded upon by requests and solicitations of aid from all quarters of the Union. To the slightest demand upon his attention, he was obedient, and was never known to disregard a request courteously preferred. After he retired to Mount Vernon, he was literally besieged by painters, who sought to obtain portraits of the world's hero. With his usual kindness, he always gratified them; an artist of real merit never being dismissed by him without a sitting. Such uniform urbanity rendered our first President as beloved as he was distinguished in the estimation of all. The illustrious Goethe, also, during his life, was constantly displaying that graciousness, which, in a truly great man, is so charming. Numberless visitors thronged about his residence, drawn there by the desire of beholding the countenance, and listening to the conversation, of the glorious German. At all times, however busily engaged in his literary oc-

cupations, Goethe was happy in receiving friends and acquaintances, and ministering to their enjoyment.

A courteous act, performed at the proper time and in the proper manner, has often been attended with singularly fortunate results. Sir Walter Raleigh owed his future advancement in the Queen's favor to a single deed of courtesy, accomplished with ready gallantry. Elizabeth, passing through a filthy street on a certain day, was interrupted in her progress by a pool of water. The stately cavalier, unwilling that a particle of mud should fall upon the royal foot, immediately threw an embroidered mantle across the dirty spot. The royal dame, gratified by his polished grace, for some time afterward addressed him by the title of 'The Knight of the Mantle.' In the subsequent fortunes, so various and strange, of the 'gentleman and scholar,' that refined tact never deserted him. Upon the sea with ignorant and obstinate sailors; in the prison, with solitude for his companion; or upon the scaffold about to die, his deportment was ever beautified with grace, and admirable dignity ever sat enthroned upon his brow. Where is the man who possessed more claims to the emphatic compliment, 'He was England's noblest son'? In the domestic circle, the refined gentleman will shed a graceful lustre around his every-day intercourse, so that each morn will be more cheerful to his companions than the preceding. A kind word for this member of the family, and for another a smile assuring of love, will render him doubly dear. A cheerful face, with a cheerful smile hovering about it, is a real magnet; it allures and fascinates by its loveliness. Pleasant smiles upon pleasant countenances, are like rays of sun-shine upon the dew-laden vale. The sweet sad smile of Ruth in the waving fields of green allured their owner — Boaz. He said unto his young men: 'Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.' The fair countenance of Carthaginian Dido was an ample recompense to the Trojan for multifarious dangers upon the seas. Juno learned from her lovely rival, Aphrodite, the full value of a smile. When she appeared before flexible Paris, unlike Venus, she did not try the power of a gracious countenance and beaming smiles, in order to turn his decision in her favor. The 'ocean born,' therefore, bore away in triumph the prize of beauty from her discomfited rival. After this, the wife of Jove needed no second lesson to learn what temptation to place before the King of the Winds, when beseeching his power to aid her wrath. Dian, the nymph of 'healthiest hue,' leading forth her choir, was conspicuous among them all. The fairest picture in all 'Paradise Lost,' and one best adapted for the admiration of the artist, is when our grandsire is represented as arising at earliest dawn, and smiling upon sleeping Eve,

'With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamored, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces.'

The polished gentleman in society will always resist successfully the desire of shining. Content with the just appreciation of his worth, he will not seek for the unlimited and exclusive admiration of the company. Dignified, yet politely so, he will always be prepared to contribute largely to the general enjoyment. He will not endeavor so to thrust himself forward as to cast a shadow upon the merits of others. If Dr. Johnson could possibly have committed an error, his warmest admirers may deem him faulty in this respect. But in Goldsmith this tenacious and insatiable thirst for shining was an absolute misfortune. 'Poor Goldie,' although transmitted to posterity as the possessor of more envy than the gods gave him, could not really endure the hearty praises of another, but would turn away in sheer vexation. At a certain exhibition in London, one of his friends by his side praised the dexterity which enabled a puppet to toss a pike. Goldsmith, interrupting him, said: 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.' To prove his assertion, the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' on his way homeward, endeavored to perform the feat; but in consequence, injured his shin. His thirst for *shining* after that was considerably abated. This occasional envy, however, found no real lodgment in the heart of Goldsmith; nor did it at all injure his fervent friendship for his literary associates. In other men this feeling of envy might have been the result of a malignant nature; but to the genial soul of him who wrote 'The Traveller,' it was only a shadow, which the sun-shine of affection always dissipated.

In society, the man of refinement will not usurp the conversation, although his sentences may be more polished, and his thoughts more profound, than those of others. Indeed, he will adapt himself, with imperceptible grace, to the company in which he may be temporarily placed. He will strenuously endeavor to draw others out, and to divest them of embarrassment; by judicious inquiries and general suggestions. He entertains well, who renders others entertaining. He will create an impression favorable to himself, who causes others to be favorably impressed with themselves. Some men of genius will only condescend to be fascinating when their auditors agree not to be so; their greatness, therefore, is only discovered by the enormous price attached to its exhibition. Than such geniuses, men of moderate abilities are more successful in bestowing pleasure, inasmuch as they give more of their coin, albeit of inferior value; and they give it with infinitely more grace. Nor are they so rich as to refuse farthings in exchange for their pounds. Desirous of being pleased, they allow to others the privilege of attempting to be so likewise; and they are not displeased when others are more pleasant than themselves. In company, men must be willing to give and to take; to delight and be delighted. The usurper of conversation is generally apt to be severe to those who wish to share it with him. Upon his Olympus, he 'affects the god,' and hurls defiance at those who will not assist his affection. He will not allow participation in his regal state, regarding all as unloyal who will not assent to his edicts. When

his subjects dare to think and speak, as a true Jove he hurls his fiercest thunderbolts upon their devoted heads. Now, conversation should be the flowing fountain, to whose refreshing draughts all should be entitled. Society is no monarchy, but emphatically a republic, in which the 'divine right of kings' may not be acknowledged. To become an honored citizen in that republic, one must faithfully discharge the duties incumbent upon him. To obtain distinction in it, he must not threaten instant annihilation to all engaged in the same pursuit.

To be cuttingly severe, is no evidence of great attainments. It is neither courteous nor politic. Any one of common abilities, bilious temperament, and bad temper, can manage to be tolerably sarcastic. The man upon whom you vent your bitterness, however, may, at some future day, with usurer's interest, repay you. The weakest man is not to be injured with impunity: his uninterrupted enmity may counterpoise the best efforts of a multitude of friends. The thousand kind words you speak may be forgotten by well-wishers; but the cutting sentence will be treasured up in the heart of your unforgetful enemy:

'THERE never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong.'

A man's bitter words may not be flavored with 'attic salt;' yet the quantity of venom may compensate for the deficiency. Thersites, in the *Iliad*, pours forth continually his fiery invective upon the heroes of the army; yet the Grecian leaders forgave his malignity on account of his insignificance. There is, indeed, in society, much to be discovered provocative of sarcasm. Sarcasm is of good Damascus steel, and will cut its way through all manner of filthy substances. It may be used with apparent success against pretending ignorance and abominable vanity; yet much calm composure will more successfully banish pomposity and check the inroads of insolence. The sarcastic man, from long familiarity with his weapon, and unlimited confidence in its use, is often tempted to resort to it, when conciliating courtesy would more avail. The polished converser will rarely stoop to sarcasm, when graceful indifference will answer his purpose. If he is with inferiors, he will display his infinite superiority only by his efforts to conceal it. If conversing with his equals, he accords to them the same liberty of speech which he himself claims. In argument he is unflinching yet honest — having recourse to no petty artifice in order to gain a momentary victory. Upon lighter topics he is graceful, carefully avoiding the appearance of labor in making his remarks interesting. Upon graver themes, he is earnest in enforcing his opinions, at the same time paying due deference to those of others. If he gains an easy victory, it is without discourteous exultation. If he finds his antagonist at all points armed, he may, indeed, experience

'THAT stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel;'

but does not allow feelings of bitter hostility to rob him of his dignity. With ready grace he changes his subject when his companions give evidence of a loss of interest in it. Like Franklin, he converses cheerfully, if he converse at all—with the rough sailor, or the beggar clad in coarse rags, contributing to the present enjoyment of each of them; or, with the prince in his regal saloon, he demeans himself with the manly grace of the cultivated man. The American Philosopher was exceedingly happy in the 'retort courteous.' He was dining in London on a certain occasion, when, the cloth being removed, toasts were proposed. An English nobleman present proposed: 'England: the sun whose beams daily illumine the world.' The French minister in his turn offered: 'France: the moon whose genial rays dispense pleasure by night.' Franklin, rising up with republican dignity, said: 'To America: the young Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still; and they obeyed him.'

The good converser, if he has a keen sense of the ridiculous, is often tempted to seek his '*pabulum*' from objects which should always be held sacred. He will often be tempted to give vent to his merriment under circumstances when solemnity should prevail. Such temptations he should earnestly resist, remembering that 'for all things there is a time.' The possession of wit renders not only its possessor dangerous, but often places him in danger. The witty man, therefore, should be cautious how he uses his rare gift. Wit is nearly allied to hardness of heart. Wit is like unto an artificial flower, fair to the view, but not embalmed with the gracious dews of heaven. Wit differs from humor, inasmuch as the last is a quality of the heart; the first, of the head. Voltaire was a witty devil, but never a humorous one. Indeed, devils may scarcely become humorous. In the heart of Lawrence Sterne, on the contrary, humor was a never-fading blossom. Almost every page of his, by his genial, kindly, philanthropic humor, is made to drop myrrh and balmy perfume. Wit is blithe of tongue, but frosty in heart; swift of foot and nimble of wing; but without strength of breast. In the youth, wit is scarcely distinguishable from pertness; in the man, it is strongly tinctured with bitterness; and in the old man, it subsides into petulance. Humor, however, increases with years, becoming mellow in old age, putting cheerfulness in the heart, and very few wrinkles on the brow. 'When the grasshopper becomes a burden,' humor relieves it; 'when the almond-tree flourishes,' humor blossoms with it, shedding a most commendable grace upon the venerable sire. The polished gentleman will cultivate humor, but not give much nourishment to wit.

The good converser, who is without malignity, will soon acquire many friends. Men will throng about him, entranced with his goodly companionship. His readiness and capacity to afford enjoyment to others, will make others delight to do him honor. Let the circle of his influence be large or small, in it he will accomplish much good. Even if he is great in nothing else, his conversational powers will secure for him an enviable reputation. If he is other-

wise distinguished 'as hero, statesman, poet, man of parts,' the charms of his colloquial powers will increase the halo of his fame. Thomas Jefferson's presence was delightful to all who were favored with it. Possibly, in his day, no man was more celebrated for his conversational ability. He was sparkling and brilliant, yet profound in his discourse, fascinating and instructing his delighted hearers. Upon light topics of general interest, he touched with graceful ease, dallying with them as the bee with the flower, long enough to extract most delicious and delicate sweetness. His master mind grappled with loftier subjects, as the eagle, soaring to the clouds, 'χρᾶται γαιῶν.' Each object in nature afforded him illustration of some particular topic, and each important fact in history he arrayed with equal facility, in support of his arguments. To dwell with him under the same roof, hearkening unto his instructive words, beholding the genial smiles upon his countenance, the light in his eyes, and the tokens of genius displayed upon his brow, would more have enriched a man, than to have dwelt forever with Aladdin in his gorgeous palace.

The polished converser will always possess the 'Open Sesame' to the best society, inasmuch as he will bestow more than he will receive. He is the copious stream from which every guest will imbibe exhilarating draughts. His irresistible attractions will render him 'king of the feast.' Others may be the gods or goddesses, but he will be the 'sceptred, Jove-descended monarch.' Brinsley Sheridan, at all times, and in all places, ruled the throng. His auditors were invariably intoxicated with his conversation as with pleasant wine of delectable flavor. He allured, bewitched, and enchained them. With a more than mesmeric power he captivated the hearts of all. His nimble fancy wreathed itself in most inimitable sentences; now gamboling as the lamb in the flowery mead; now twisting as the lithe serpent in many-hued folds. His princely imagination, always obedient to his volition, summoned up a thousand shapes in varied guises:

'As when the potent rod
Of AMRAM's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of the impious PHARAOH hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.'

Thus numberless, but far more attractive, were the shapes conjured from the teeming brain of brilliant Sheridan. It is not wonderful that in the spring-time of his life he was courted and caressed by admiring multitudes. S. T. Coleridge's conversation, also, although of a different cast, was not inferior to that of Sheridan. As the gushing fountain emitting its waters in perpetual flow, the mind of Coleridge sent forth streams of thought. For hour after hour, in 'tones most musical,' he threw off the scintillations of his genius. The strain of his conversation was always biform; it always admitted of two interpretations. Upon the top lay a meaning obvious to most casual observers; beneath, profound

subtleties nestled, whose exceeding beauty was only visible to his best-beloved disciples. The stream of his conversation was like the river of baronial mien in the fabled land, having flowers forever floating upon the surface, and opals glittering at the bottom. The flowers of Coleridge's talk were for the multitude; the opals of gorgeous hue rewarded the earnest votary who plunged beneath the flowery surface. As an inspired prophet he uttered his oracular words. He was Delian Apollo, and as graceful to view. The son of Latona in burnished armor upon the snow-clad summit of Olympus offered not a more attractive picture than Coleridge upon his intellectual tripod, adorned in the armor of polished thoughts, and with generous hand dispensing ambrosial food to his admiring followers.

Dr. Johnson, in argumentative conversation acknowledged and had no superior. As the leviathan, 'hugest of beasts,' in his own element, he would brook no opposition. In an encounter with the foe, he moved like the stately frigate, ready at the slightest provocation to belch forth his deadly thunder. With his immense amount of knowledge, he was prepared at all times for the discussion of any subject. The abstrusest point in science, the strangest fact in history, the most hidden root in philosophy, were to him known 'as of yore.' He seemed to have quaffed copiously from all the sources of wisdom. His memory likewise was extraordinarily perfect; his knowledge, therefore, was ever at his command. He had it arranged, labelled, and stored away in his mind, in different parcels. In all company his words were 'as apples of gold set in pictures of silver.' No man dared to contradict his assertions, fearful of the dangerous consequences. Wo unto the unwary wretch who dared to render irate the author of the 'Rambler.' Upon such he rushed as the angry elephant upon his defenceless keeper, bruising, mangling, and destroying him; then raising the carcass upon his intellectual tusk, he hurled him in sheer contempt afar from him many leagues.

All persons may not expect to acquire the conversational excellence of these remarkable men. Indeed, such potent conversers are of the very fewest—who, are verily, little lower than the angels. Yet any one of us, however 'uncouth,' may cultivate refinement with some degree of success. The asperities of nature may in some measure be smothered, and a graceful deportment substituted. If kindness of heart be cultivated with honest care, out of it will assuredly grow kindness of manner. If a man's soul be adorned with love, his speech will certainly smack of that heavenly quality. With that blessed resident in his bosom, the tones of his voice will become as musical as the sighs of the zephyrs. Meeting his fellows in the halls of luxury, or the straw-roofed huts of poverty, he will endeavor to minister with sweet words to their enjoyment, or with merciful deeds to remove their sorrow. The mission of the true gentleman is of more magnitude than is generally supposed. Indeed, his whole life may be a continual sermon, and preached for great good. In this world, 'if

men had ears,' they would hear much fine preaching, beside that uttered by the regular clergy. Healthy and wholesome preaching is going on around us, which, alack! findeth few hearers. Were the air vocal, we should this day hear unnumbered sermons floating up to the blue vault of heaven. Some of them are pregnant with interjections; some conditional, and abounding in conjunctions; but not a few short and earnest, bearing glad tidings to the listening angels above us. Each object in nature unconsciously utters its sermon. The vilest reptile, in his crawling, draws an argumentative sermon after him. The sonorous tramp of the greatest of animals conveys its suited lesson. The roar of the lion in jungles has a touch of eloquence in it; and the whale spouteth out in water-columns its sublime sermon. The repose of each mountain hath a lesson; the stream in the green mead ripples out most instructive sentences. The sandy desert is loquacious; the barren peak is voluble. Each pattering rain-drop speaks in audible language; each fountain murmurs in joyous tones; each solemn swell of old ocean sounds its appropriate speech. Each Favonian breeze, or roaring north wind, hath its sermon. The rigid oak, pointing to the sky, conveys its thoughts; the modest violet, blushing beneath, speaks its sweet words. The soaring eagle preaches near the clouds; and the lark, of spiral flight, is a sermonizer in song. Every night the boundless arch with numberless preachers is spangled, who convey to mortals, in sparkling sympathy, their salutary sermons of love.

If thus natural objects deliver themselves, what a vigorous sermon may not the life of a true gentleman be! In what harmonious tones may not the utterance be given! How it may smack of love, of mercy, and of crowning charity! Moving onward with

'THE innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death:'

to how many pleasant oases may not the refined man of gentle heart lead his weary companions? Such a man will always find abundant employment. In the social circle, he may sow good seed, which shall flourish and bear fruit. In the banqueting hall, he may for an hour cheat the melancholy out of the recollection of their sorrow. In the marts of business, his forbearance may afford relief to the embarrassed, and his courteous kindness may subdue the frantic efforts of avarice. By the bed of the sick, his gentleness may cause the smile of gratitude to diffuse itself over the wan features of the sufferers. In all circles of society his influence will be attended with happiest results. Among all men, he will be marked as one of stately integrity and merciful heart. Looking to his conscience, and the smiles of Heaven, for approbation, he will be impervious to the arrows of envy, and will present an unterrified front to malicious foes. His courtesy, better than triple-fold armor of steel, will secure him from insult, and with a smile will always disarm rudeness. His true nobility of soul will baffle the asper-

sions of slanderers, and his unassailable dignity will be a tower of strength against evil speakers. In private, as in public relations, a stern sense of right will mark his every action. He will not lower his self-respect to gratify a mean spirit of revenge; nor will he stoop to accomplish a base purpose. The love of justice will be his law of guidance, and no inducement will swerve him from it. If Prosperity's sun shines upon him, its splendor does not hide the worth of the lowly from his eyes, or dazzle himself into a false estimate of himself. In poverty, his nobility of soul will not desert him; but, cleaving unto him, will render his greatness more conspicuous by the humility of his condition. If in a dungeon of obscurity, like courteous Paul, his true dignity will represent him as more majestic than him crowned in a palace, and called a king. In all situations of life, his excellent graces will cluster about him, as roses in an arbor, perfuming the atmosphere around him. Wherever found, the true gentleman is acceptable to men, and beloved of angels.

L I N E S : ' I N C A P T I V I T Y . '

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DARK looms a baleful prison
Against the wintry sky,
Where, bound in heavy fetters,
My weary members lie.
The keen, cold blasts that whistle
Through corridor and lock,
Tell to my heart a tale of doom
As pitiless as rock!

Yet Fancy's rosy cherubs,
With all their winsome art,
Play with my chains, and scatter
Their sun-light on my heart:
And through my mid-night watches,
Between the lattice bars
Come in the songs of trust and hope,
The sweet voice of the stars.

But bolt, nor bar, nor fetter,
The spirit's will can tame;
And, flashing through the darkness,
It wings its flight of flame!
And from the luminous planets
That burn the hill along,
I feel a welcome ray stream out,
To greet my humble song.

As from my lonely prison,
This gloomy winter-time,
I'd pour my earnest yearnings
In pulsing throbs of rhyme;
And glad as melted rivers
That shout their wild release,
I'd roll my song-waves out to charm
A nation's heart to peace.

The Land should sing till weary;
The Ocean's voice grow hoarse;
The bright Stars heavy lidded,
Within my humble verse:
The ancient Winds that chanted
'Mid cedars grim and old,
Should wave the green locks of the West
In cities paved with gold!

The maiden in her arbor
Should murmur loving words;
The lover pour his raptures
Amid the song of birds:
The soldier 'neath his banner,
That flaps its azure bars,
Should stroke his stallion's mane, and point
His red sword to its stars!

As from the sleeping marble
Leaps out the radiant Thought,
And on the glittering canvas
The loveliest forms are caught,
So all life's golden fancies
My singing should prolong,
Till earth should be a heritage
Of Beauty, Truth, and Song!

Yet peers a prairie prison
Against a sunless sky,
Where walled in heartless granite,
My voiceless hopes must die;
And all the bows of promise
That spanned my youthful brain,
Melt, like the wreaths of mountain mist,
Beneath a captive's chain.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE, Commander of the Last Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his Men. By WILLIAM ELDER. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON.

WE have heretofore announced this work as in a state of advanced progress, and expressed our very favorable opinion of the merits of Mr. ELDER as a biographer. He has in no respect disappointed us. His style is exceedingly clear; his incidents selected and collated with great industry, and contrasted with good taste and marked effect: and he has the rare capacity of avoiding verbal repetitions, in scenes and events, which must more or less simulate each other, in an account of occurrences and adventures in one especially marked and peculiar region of our globe. It was a coincidence, that on the very evening in which we received the book from our friend Mr. PETERSON, there were sent to us by MESSRS. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, from town, framed in dark oak-and-gold for the sanctum, three pictures, (photographs of the best kind, from a Philadelphia house, which we ought to have noticed before, and which we should notice now, but that the names of the excellent firm are cut off in the framing,) of KANE, BAYARD TAYLOR, and THACKERAY. But of these more anon. But our present business is with Dr. ELDER's excellent book, which we predict will prove a very popular one, and most deservedly run through many editions. The annexed, by a reviewer in the *Times* daily journal, is a succinct account of the life and career of the subject of the memoir:

'DR. ELISHA KENT KANE was born in Philadelphia on the third day of February, 1820. He was a slight, frail child, quick, bold, impatient of restraint, and greatly averse to regular studies. There was nothing remarkable in his boyhood, and his parents, it seems, did not anticipate any greatness for their eldest child. He soon manifested a love of enterprise, and delighted in accomplishing feats of difficulty and danger for the mere pleasure of accomplishing them. His biographer says he earned the character of 'a bad boy,' because he was a brave one, and would not pocket an affront from any body. His first notable exploit, which seemed to indicate his future achievements, was a successful attempt to make the ascent of a tall kitchen-chimney, which rose temptingly above the roof sixteen feet high. He had made up his mind that he would seat himself upon the top of this towering pile, and, in order to accomplish his purpose, he persuaded his younger brother,

Tom, to assist him. After the family were a-bed and asleep, he got out upon the roof, and by the aid of a clothes-line, which he had secreted for the purpose, he succeeded in accomplishing the aim of his ambition, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck; and having seated himself on the chimney-top, he went back to bed. He was then ten years old, and, like the similar feat related of Lord NELSON, it indicated only a boldness of character, which might in time ripen into a hero — or a burglar. Up to his thirteenth year, he was an unpromising school-boy, and, according to the testimony of the family physician, 'he manifested no extraordinary love of learning.' He had an extraordinary love for learning, however, although it was not noticed, because it was manifested in a direction different from what his teachers desired; and he was called 'refractory,' because he would not seem to consent when he did not mean to obey. He would only study according to his own inclinations; and refused to be driven where he did not wish to go. He was fond of chemistry, geology, and geographical explorations, and delighted in all kinds of field-sports; he had a partiality for sketching and whittling, and was fascinated by dogs and horses. But he hated classical studies, and took genially and fondly to *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. At the age of sixteen he began to be sensible of his deficiencies in study, and set himself resolutely to make amends for his neglect of the classics; his father intended him for a civil-engineer, and he had given more attention to Mathematics than to his other studies, so that when he was taken to New-Haven for the purpose of being entered at Yale, he was found not to be sufficiently prepared for college, and it was thought that he would be compelled to devote himself to another year of preparatory study. So it was determined that he should enter at the University of Virginia, where a greater freedom was permitted. He remained here a year-and-a-half, and distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, having also made considerable progress in Latin and Greek. But the symptoms of the disease which at last proved fatal, and which at first manifested itself at New-Haven, now assumed so alarming a form that his father had to carry him home in a blanket. For a long time his life was despaired of by his family, and when he recovered, it was only to be informed that he might at any moment fall as suddenly as from a musket-shot. He was now in his eighteenth year, and about to commence the serious business of life with the knowledge that he had in his system a fatal disease, which might suddenly terminate his earthly career, at a moment's warning, and which was sure to be always a source of pain and suffering. His father said to him, 'ΕΙΣΗΚΑ, if you must die, die in the harness;' and he resolved to act in conformity with the advice, which was, in reality, a matter of necessity, for inaction was more injurious to him than constant exposure to dangers, and he found that the only way to combat with his enemy was to keep himself incessantly employed. There is the best authority for the opinion, according to his biographer, that his ailments had always in them a preponderating character of neuro-pathic disturbance. Even when he was comparatively free from the acute form of rheumatic disorder, his nerves were tingling and rioting with irritation. But in the midst of this nervous rioting he was always heroically calm, sedate, serious, and thoughtful. His friends, believing that his disease rendered him unfit for the profession of an engineer, he yielded to their suggestions, and began the study of medicine. In his twenty-first year he was elected Resident Physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Blockley, over the Schuylkill. He attended strictly to his duties for six months, while he was laboring under so severe an attack of cardiac disease as to be unable to sleep in a horizontal position; and he never closed his eyes at night without the feeling that the chances were against his ever opening

them again in this world. The consciousness of his physical condition must have weighed heavily upon his ardent nature, but it never interfered in the least degree with the performance of his duties.'

'His father, being satisfied that the routine of a physician's life would be fatal to his son's constitution, obtained for him, without his knowledge, an appointment as a Surgeon in the Navy. He was greatly indisposed to the place, and the position he held on ship-board was always odious to him. His aversion to a sea life amounted to detestation; but he again yielded to his father's wishes, and after his examination prepared himself cheerfully for his new duties.

'Now commences the actual career of this remarkable man: and henceforth his life is a succession of wild and romantic adventures, which sound more like the creations of some highly imaginative fictionist than the actual exploits of a slight youth, who, with a mortal disease in his system, has quietly schooled himself to the determination to 'die in harness.' His first appointment to active service was as physician to our Chinese Embassy, when Mr. CUSHING was sent out as Commissioner to China. The Commissioner went out over-land, with the design of meeting the frigate at Bombay that was to carry him to Canton, and Doctor KANE embarked in the 'Brandywine,' expecting to join him at that port. He sailed in May, 1843, and had the advantage of stopping at Madeira and Rio de Janeiro. At the latter place he improved his time by making an ascent of the Eastern Andes, which rear their fantastic forms on the Coast of Brazil. The notes which he made of this exploration were unhappily lost while he was travelling on the Nile. On the voyage from Rio to Bombay he employed himself assiduously in the study of navigation and modern languages, and Mr. CUSHING not having arrived when the 'Brandywine' reached the latter port, he directly began to visit the caves of Elephanta, and every other object of interest in the neighborhood, and then started on an elephant-hunt in the island of Ceylon. The frigate, with the Commissioner and his suite, arrived at Canton in July, 1844: and impatient at the tedious progress of Chinese diplomacy, he obtained leave of absence from Mr. CUSHING, and started to make an exploration of the Philippine Islands. He traversed the largest of the group, Luconia, from Manila across to its Pacific coast, and, at great hazards and imminent perils, he made the descent of the crater of the Tael: a feat which but one European had ever attempted, and he without success. This feat very nearly cost him his life: first, by the poisonous gases he inhaled; and secondly, from the attacks of the wild natives, who were outraged by his sacrilegious invasion of the residence of their Deity. After the departure of the embassy, he remained at Canton to establish himself as a physician; but, at the end of six months, he was struck down with the rice-fever, and came near dying; but he recovered after a long illness, and left Whampoa for Singapore, in company with a young Englishman, intending to make the over-land journey for Europe; and while *en route*, he visited Borneo and Sumatra, and crossing over to the Indian Peninsula, he made the ascent of the Himalaya Mountains. Arriving in Calcutta about the time the great DWAKANOTI TAGORE was preparing to start on his visit to England, he joined the *suite* of the princely East Indian, and having visited Persia and Syria, parted from him at Alexandria, whence he visited Thebes and the Pyramids, and, in the course of his wanderings, formed the acquaintance of Professor LEPsius. Here again he twice narrowly escaped with his life; once in a skirmish with the Bedouins, in which he was wounded in the leg, and then from an attack of the plague. After six months of travel, he determined to return to Manila, and establish himself as a physician;

but failing to obtain permission from the Spanish authorities, he bent his steps homeward through Italy, France, and England. At home once more, in 1846 he hired a house, and made preparations for settling down in his native city as a physician. He had never been commissioned as a Surgeon in the Navy, and thoroughly detesting the rules of the service, he would have resigned his post, but the country was on the verge of war with Mexico, and he could not, in honor, abandon it just as there was a chance of his services being needed.

‘Three weeks before war was declared, he was ordered to the frigate ‘United States,’ bound for the coast of Africa. He cheerfully obeyed the summons; and after visiting the King of Dahomey, he was attacked with the coast-fever, and was again brought to Death’s door: being completely prostrated, he returned home ‘invalided,’ and never wholly recovered from this disease. But the Mexican war was not at an end, and he panted for an opportunity to distinguish himself in his country’s service, still determined to ‘die in harness.’ He applied to the PRESIDENT for an appointment as an Army-Surgeon, and was dispatched to Mexico with orders for the Commander-in-Chief. On his passage to Vera Cruz, he narrowly escaped a watery grave on board the rickety little steamer ‘Fashion,’ which has since been rendered famous by the fillibuster WALKER; and after landing at his port of destination, he started immediately for the capital, with an escort, composed of a company of contra-guerillas, commanded by the infamous DOMINGUEZ; and while on this journey, he distinguished himself by his valor, and chivalric conduct in the encounter between his escort and the Mexican guerillas, among whom were Gen. GAONA and his son, whose lives, together with those of four other officers, he was the means of saving; and, on his return, received the complimentary present of a sword from his fellow-townsmen. He suffered terribly while in Mexico, from fever, exposure, and the effects of a lance-wound which he received in the affair with the guerillas.

‘On his return home, after the war was ended, he was sent to the Mediterranean in the store-ship ‘Supply,’ and, while on this voyage, was seized with an attack of tetanus, the most terrible of all disorders, when, to use his own expressions, his body felt as though it were composed of fiddle-strings, and a host of devils were tuning him up. He had not the faintest hope of recovering from this disorder, but he did, and returned to Norfolk, not quite dead, in September, 1849. After a brief rest at home, he was again ordered on duty on the Coast Survey; and in the Spring succeeding he was luxuriating among Cherokee roses and blooming magnolias in the perfume-laden atmosphere of Florida; and on the twelfth day of May, while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, he was suddenly startled by a brief missive from Washington, ordering him to proceed at once to New-York to join the Arctic Expedition in search of the long-lost FRANKLIN. In seven and a half days from that date he had left the port of New-York, and was proceeding on the voyage which has given immortality to his name. The rest of his story is too well known to need recapitulation.

‘The commander of the expedition, Lieutenant DE HAVEN, had never even heard of Doctor KANE until they met for the first time in the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, the day before they set sail; and he confesses that when he took the measure of the man upon whom the health of himself and crew must depend, he felt a misgiving that he was not the right man for the place; and if there had been time he would have requested the Department to exchange him for some more promising person. But there was not time, and he made up his mind to send the feeble-looking little Doctor back as soon as he got to Greenland, if he should hold out so long. The Doctor was, as usual, sea-sick, and when they

touched at Whale-fish Island, after having been thirty-one days at sea, an English transport-ship was found there, and Captain DE HAVEN benevolently proposed to send the Doctor home as an invalid. The Doctor looked at the commanding officer in blank dismay, and firmly said, 'I won't go,' and DE HAVEN soon learned the mistake he had made in estimating the character of his physician.

'He returned from this memorable expedition in May, 1851, after an absence of sixteen months, nine of which he had been ice-locked in the Arctic Ocean. Yet the hardest and most difficult part of the expedition he had to accomplish, after his return, in writing the history of it. As Dr. LIVINGSTONE has said, he would rather make another journey across the Continent of Africa than write another book of travels, so did Dr. KANE feel when he sat down to his literary labor. There was nothing in it to brace up his nerves, and test his powers of endurance and that indomitable faculty of overcoming difficulties which seemed essential to his existence. His book completed, he at once set himself to work to organize the second expedition, which he was so eager to command, and all his energies were bent upon raising the requisite funds to pay for the necessary equipments. The labors and anxieties he underwent while making his preparations for his second Arctic voyage were hardly less trying to him than the dangers he encountered while absent on that perilous expedition; but his plans were at last completed, and, though he was still suffering from debilitating illness, he was as full of eagerness and enthusiasm when he left, on the thirty-first of May, 1853, on that ever-memorable voyage, as a young boy going on an excursion for pleasure. We can give no word to his exploits while on this expedition; he returned to New-York on the eleventh of October, 1855, after an absence of thirty months, and the news of his arrival caused a pulsation of delight throughout the civilized world. Honors and greetings awaited him on both sides of the Atlantic, but his health was fast failing him; and when he left New-York for England, hoping to be strengthened by the journey, he said to Mrs. GRINNELL, on taking leave of her, that he was not sure of soon returning to her again. He grew worse in England, and on the seventeenth of November, 1856, left there for Havana, where he arrived on the twenty-fifth of the following month, growing all the time weaker, and on the sixteenth of February his earthly career was closed.

'He was five feet six inches in height, and in his best health; weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His complexion was fair, and his hair soft and silken, of a dark chestnut color. His eyes were dark gray, but lustrous, with a wild light, when his feelings were excited, and when he was in the torrent-tide of enraptured action, 'the light beamed from them like flashing scimitars, and in an impassioned moment they gleamed frightfully.' 'In company, when the talk ran glib, and every body would be heard, he was silent, but terse and elastic as a steel-spring under pressure. He had a way of looking attentive, docile, and as interested as a child's fresh wonder: but no one would mistake the expression for the admiration of inexperience or incapacity; yet it cheated many a talker into a self-complaisance that lost him the opportunity of learning something of the man he wanted to know.' 'Idle curiosity never made any thing of him, and he did nothing at gossip; but inquiry with an aim was never disappointed.' His biographer asked him once, after his return from his last Arctic expedition, 'for the best proved instance that he knew of the soul's power over the body: an instance that might push the hard-baked philosophy of materialism to the consciousness of its own idiocy.' He paused a moment, and then said, with a spring: 'The soul can lift the body out of its boots, Sir. When our Captain was dying—I say dying, for I have seen scurvy enough to know—every old scar in his body was a

running ulcer. If conscience festers under its wounds correspondingly, hell is not hard to understand. I never saw a case so bad that either lived or died. Men die of it usually long before they are so ill as he was. There was trouble aboard, there might be mutiny. So soon as the breath was out of his body we might be at each other's throats. I felt that he owed even the repose of dying to the service. I went down to his bunk, and shouted in his ear: 'Mutiny, Captain, mutiny!' He shook off the cadaveric stupor: 'Set me up,' he said, 'and order these fellows before me.' He heard the complaint, ordered punishment, and from that hour convalesced. Keep that man awake with danger, and he would n't die of any thing until his duty was done.'

For this clear and comprehensive synopsis of Dr. ELDER's admirable book, we are indebted to a writer in the New-York Daily *Times*, who was so fortunate as to obtain possession from the publishers of the unbound sheets of the work, before it was issued from the press. A careful perusal of the work itself satisfies us that it is in all respects correct in re-statement, and authentic in well-established facts.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR THE JANUARY QUARTER, 1858: Pp. 300. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 564 Broadway.

WE promised, in the last issue of our Magazine, a farther reference to the current number of this our time-honored QUARTERLY: hence the present notice: and almost hence *only*: since we perceive that it has been widely disseminated, and cordially welcomed by the public as an excellent representative of what a good Review should be. Like NAPOLEON's '*colonne serrée*,' the heaviest force is in the van: and we rather like this: because it moves on with such learned length and thundering sound. It is an elaborate review of a work by the august German scholar, BOECKSH, (pronounced BOSH, in our dialect,) '*Die Staatshaushaltung*,' and relates to the 'Public Economy of Athens,' a village in the land of Greece, on the Mediterranean shore, famous, several years since, as a summer-resort for marble-workers, lapidaries, philosophers, and early politicians. Now that our American *Tên-panic* has partially subsided, and 'times' are loosening, let us look for a moment (subjectively, of course, and from the Boston stand-point*) at the economics of Athens. Now we do not hesitate to say, that the man who worked a day in Athens for a theatrical *Diobelia* was under-paid. No wonder the 'fatal disease' of *Theorica* broke out. The smallest investment in the *Liturgia* would have yielded a better return, even with the '*choregia*' in the nature of a coupon, attached. Now in

* A BOSTON '*stand-point*' is a curious thing. You can start from the 'Tremont-House,' go in *any* direction for half-an-hour, and you'll be back there within that time, 'sure.' Do n't mind the 'p'int of compass.' There *are* none around Boston. When we were there, the sun came up in the North, and set in the East. The moon rises in the West, and sets over the Cambridge Observatory. They have a fine east breeze, though, in Boston. We were there in March, day the twelfth, about fifteen years ago. We know what a *sirocco* is: the late lamented FENIMORE COOPER told us once, what time we were fetching a 'walk' with him on the Battery: it is '*a Boston east-wind boiled!*'

Mr. BOSCH's '*Urkunden über das Sew-heezen des Attischen Staates*,' it is distinctly stated, that even in the trierark-kick reform of DEMOSTHENES, before the 'system of symmories' had been abolished, three *obolii* were not considered a large price for a good day's work. And it was even better in the times of NAUSINICUS himself, and also of ANDROTION, that notorious and most unpopular constable, or tax-collector, that ever lived in Athens. We might enlarge upon this article, for Boston is 'the Modern Athens': but 'ye men of Athens,' we 'can-ah not-ah do it-ah:': we lack the room. The succeeding paper is an exceedingly good one: '*The Profession of Schoolmaster*;' a review of 'School-Days at Rugby, by an OLD BOY, an English re-publication. We the more willingly advert to this article, since we were compelled to omit a notice of the work of which it treats, which had been prepared for these pages. We call attention to three or four brief but pregnant extracts. Of the unscrupulously English *style* of the work under notice, the reviewer remarks: 'There is a full and healthy flavor in its style, smacking of the breezy upland and sunshine and open fields, a luxuriance of good spirits, a manly manner of thinking straightforward, an absence of all cant and sentimentality, a tone as loud and cheery as a hunting-song, and withal, an almost aggravating independence and self-satisfaction, qualities refreshing to the soul in these days of spasmodic poetry, illicit dramas, and ecclesiastical novels. There is not a twinge of indigestion in it. The stormy contests of the play-ground, where the passions of the man are first awakened in the mind of the boy; the tyranny of flogging, not the last nor the only relic of savage ages which has held place in English schools; the inevitable and constant battle levied between master and pupil; the other warfare, which is carried on by the boy, within his own breast, between the temptations that easily beset him and the loyalty which he owes to the dear old home; his first consciousness of ambition; his first intuition of the serious purpose of living; all this, and more, is told by many vivid and graphic pictures of the life led at an English foundation school; and standing above or behind all the scenes, suggested rather than described, appears the serene figure of that great and good teacher, Dr. ARNOLD. Reading this book is like watching some limpid, self-confident, brawling mountain-torrent, that runs sparkling over moss and shingle, and yet there is something in it greater than is seen at first, of genuine nobility and manliness of soul, and, in the closing chapters, of unexpected pathos and tenderness, in reference to that undiscoverable futurity in which life ends. It has cost the world,' the writer proceeds to add, 'ages of experience to earn an appreciation of the position and character of woman, and we have not yet attained to a knowledge of the true position, requirements, and character of the child. One reason for this ignorance may be due to the fact, that the study of the condition of childhood requires the mind to turn back upon itself, and observe its own motions, a mental process contrary to the habits of nature, and which has made the secrets of the mind far less attractive to most persons than the secrets of a patented machine for the hatching of chickens.' This last flippant allusion to our widely-patented 'Hen-Persuader' is uncalled-for: but 'let that pass.' The subjoined is but too true, as many a boyish bosom knows and feels:

'Look at the manifold different systems of education. One might suppose that the mind of the child was made for curious experiments, to find by what variety of place,

or by what clipping and coaxing, it might be brought to assume a certain style of growth, without ever being suffered to put forth the laws of its own nature. We cannot but look upon that class of beings stigmatized by the term *boys* with some lively touch of pity. Particularly when transplanted from the soil where they were born, and placed under foreign influences, are they deserving of this humane sentiment. Would any man who has passed a moderately comfortable life be willing to live over the decade between his fifth and fifteenth year? Does any one feel a response in his heart to that lyrical wish, now popularized by the street-organ, to be a boy again? The truth is, that the boy, as regards his conception of his own nature and its due education, is in advance of his age. He is not understood, or misunderstood. We arrogantly put him into that class which Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE denominates *ferè nature*, and base our plans for his improvement upon the assumption of his total depravity. He has ambition which burns out in disappointment; he has dreams of heroism and love which he dares not confide to another; he has keen sensibilities which his elders do not forbear to taunt or to disregard; he has an understanding of matters whereof he is assumed to be absurdly ignorant; he has aching doubts about life and death which he knows not where to satisfy. Often, like one who wanders in the dark, his undeveloped reason and half-knowledge fail to guide him through the night into which his more mature fancy hurries him, and he stumbles over chasms, or starts at those awful phantoms of the brain which the firmness of riper intellect cannot at all times exorcise. The loneliness of night, the mystery of the heavens, the sadness of good-by, fill his imagination and grasp his whole soul with a power which lessens as he advances in years. Like young ALBANO, in JEAN PAUL's delectable romance of *Titan*, he has to restrain and hide within himself all his emotions, his longings, his precious thoughts, for fear of some stern father or some domesticated DIOGENES; or, if he ventures to unbosom himself to an imagined friend of his own age, asking only for the bread of sympathy which his heart craves, it is but to find himself possessed of the scorpion of treachery and neglect, and perhaps, at last, he flies to the beauty of some amiable girl, whom his ardent enthusiasm clothes with every grace and every virtue, who smiles upon him, and comprehends him no more than he comprehends the ocean.'

The gradual progress of education, from the earliest times in Massachusetts, a progress begun only a few days after the 'Mayflower' emerged from the mists of the Atlantic, and dipped her anchor in the waves of Plymouth harbor, is forcibly and beautifully sketched. We wish that the late venerable and lamented JOSEPH CURTIS were alive to read the tributes which are here paid to the results of labors such as those in which himself, with PETER COOPER, and other friends of children, were so long and so lovingly engaged, among the various schools of this metropolis: warm tributes to 'the care and ingenuity which have been expended in achieving perfection in the arrangement of the school-room, and in the school furniture, so as to insure sufficient air, light, and space to the scholar; the improvements in the mechanical apparatus of teaching, as well as in the text-books; the changes in discipline and modes of punishment, from that barbarous age when it was supposed that the rod, the dark closet, and public disgrace would improve the temper and stimulate a thirst for knowledge, to the present time, when, happily, a medal, a ribbon, a mere cipher of approbation, has almost driven the name of punishment from our schools; the large economy of time and labor secured by the systematized employment of both, and by the gradation of schools and classes; the gradual and favorable alteration in the relations of master and scholar; and, lastly, the improvement in the master himself, from the ICHABOD CRANES of former days, who worked on the farm and 'boarded round,' to the thoroughly educated men who now stand at the head of our schools.' But children bless the good man's name, although he can no longer smile his grateful joy at their well-earned praise. We have said and quoted enough of this excellent paper to indicate its true character to the reader. We pass to the next, which is upon '*Reformatory Institutions at Home and Abroad.*' It embodies a large

amount of various and clearly-arranged information, upon the general theme of which it treats: involving many lessons of kindness in the treatment of young and first-offenders, which are well worthy of heed. The notices of the prominent penal-reform institutions of Massachusetts, especially around Boston; those of Hamburg, in the North of Germany, and Mettray, in France; present much incidental detail, and afford very interesting illustrations. An able and appreciative article upon '*Venice*' succeeds; which is followed by 'Ireland, Past and Present;' 'Anatomical Architecture;' 'The Financial Crisis;' 'Jerusalem;' 'Contemporary French Literature;' LEWES' History of Philosophy;' with numerous brief 'Critical Notices of native and foreign works.'

HOW TO DO BUSINESS: A PRACTICAL MANUAL OF PRACTICAL AFFAIRS, and a Guide to Success in Life. Broadway, New-York: FOWLERS AND WELLS.

WE regard this work very much in the same light in which we look upon books on 'Manners,' 'True Lessons for a Gentleman,' 'The Complete Letter-Writer,' and the like. 'How to do your Business,' we take it, depends upon the experience of the man who *does* it: for 'every man,' as HAMLET says, '*hath* business, such as 't is.' However, it is not our purpose to run down MESSRS. FOWLERS AND WELLS' book: on the contrary, hear another wholly disinterested critic, what *he* says upon the subject: 'If we were to form moral character by mechanical rules, and insure success by any special method of department, there would be very few failures in any kind of business, and very few bad people in the world of either sex. But every individual stands by himself in the world, and though something may be learned from the successes or failures of others, yet every man's conduct must be determined by his own circumstances and idiosyncrasies; the self-same rules by which one succeeds would insure the failure of another. One man must be hasty, bold, impetuous, and apparently reckless, while another must be slow, cautious, quiet, and suspicious; each succeeds by being true to his own conditions, while they would fail if they attempted to imitate each other. But there are certain radical and established rules of conduct, great laws of the moral as well as the physical world, which must be attended to, and it is the true exposition of such laws that give value to such publications as that before us — 'How to do Business.' The title of the work alone, in a country like ours, where every body 'does business,' ought to insure it a wide circulation; and, as it is written in a very plain, comprehensive style, printed in a convenient form, and sold at a very moderate price, we have no doubt that it will be found in the coat-pocket of a good many young and ambitious men, who are desirous of doing business and doing it successfully. The 'Manual' is not only a guide to business, but also a history of commercial pursuits, and the miscellaneous information is of a highly interesting nature. The rules are all well arranged, and the maxims and general observations placed under separate heads. There are also forms of accounts, letters, invoices, notes, bills of exchange, and other formula essential to the prosecution of mercantile undertakings.'

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW. Edited by the REV. CHARLES HODGE, D.D. For the January Quarter. Philadelphia: PETER WALKER, 821 Chestnut-street.

THE 'Positive Philosophy of AUGUSTE COMTÉ,' which opens the present number of the '*Princeton Review*,' we positively have not read: but the papers on 'The Revolt of the Sepoys,' and 'English Hymnology,' (an outlandish term,) we have perused with pleasure. The first-mentioned article is a clear and comprehensive *resumé* of all that has taken place in India since the Sepoy mutiny broke out, with sound and well-digested reflections thereupon. From the second paper which we have mentioned, we propose to make two or three extracts. And this is one of them:

'*SUBLIME* imagination, philosophic discernment, perfect command of language, and exquisite skill in versification, even when hallowed by fervent piety, do not alone qualify one to write a hymn. It is not the greatest names in our literary annals, who have excelled in this really difficult style of composition. It is rather simple, devout men, mostly ministers of the Christian Church, and pious women, familiar with the discipline of bodily and mental suffering, who have enriched our Hymnology. It was not theirs to trace the outline, to invent the plot, to conceive the personages, and to grasp into unity the manifold details, of an epic or a drama, but, possessed of a truly poetic spirit, familiar by personal experience with the development and vicissitudes of the Christian life, imbued with the truths of the Gospel, they have uttered their varied emotions in metrical form with an intense fervor, a compressed energy, an unerring directness, and an all-pervading sympathy, which awaken a response in every Christian heart. Although not equally successful in all their productions, they have, in the best of them, attained that unity of theme, that depth and warmth of feeling, that freedom from mere didactic statement, and from extreme individuality of sentiment, with that liveliness, simplicity, and terseness of expression, which together realize the ideal of a good hymn. They have really secured sublimity, tenderness, beauty, and elegance, without calling our attention to the fact; they produce the proper effect, without making us conscious of it, and well establish their claim to be true lyrists, by causing us to love and use their productions, without reflecting why it is that we so love and use them.'

Speaking of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS' version of the Psalms and Hymns, the reviewer observes:

'In the whole of this version there is nothing equal to the two stanzas from Psalm Eighteen:

"THE LORD descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens hie;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darknesse of the skie.

"On cherubs and on cherubims
Full roiallie He rode;
And on the wings of all the windes,
Came flying all abroad.'

'Such is the sublimity of the original passage, that no imitation or version of it can be very tame. The only representative of this old translation which still survives among us in frequent use, is HOPKINS's version of the One Hundredth Psalm, 'All people that on earth do dwell.'

'To this day there is in use in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland, and among some of the Scotch churches which preserve their individuality in this country, a version which was originally prepared to supersede the version of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, sanctioned and employed by the English Church. Its author was FRANCIS ROUSE, or ROUS, a zealous English Puritan, who was at one time Provost of Eton. His religious fervor and political sentiments gained him a seat in PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES' Parliament, and in the Westminster Assembly, the speakership of the House of Commons, a place at the Protector's council-board, and finally an entrance into the House of Lords. Either of his own accord, or by the direction of the anti-prelatical House of Commons, he made a translation of the Psalms, which adhering more closely to the original than STERNHOLD and HOPKINS's, is perhaps less rugged

in its diction, equally simple and unambitious in its style, but by no means more harmonious and correct in its versification. That pious and learned Assembly of Divines, whose Catechisms, Confession, and Book of Discipline, have become the Standards of the Presbyterian Church, approved this version made by one of its lay members. The House of Commons in 1645 ordered it to be printed. The Scotch Church adopted it, and, unwilling to employ uninspired words in its worship, still clings to it with a tenacity which astonishes those who cannot find its explanation in any peculiar beauty or felicity of expression. But to the true Scotch heart it is endeared by a thousand stirring memories and sacred associations. In lonely glens and secret hiding-places its simple verses have been sung by little bands, whose voices have been hushed at the sound of the distant tramp of CLAVERTHOPE'S dragoons, or by solitary captives whose dungeon doors would open only to usher them to the scaffold. Its words have died away upon the air when a hundred hearts have been touched and bowed by the Spirit of God, as at the kirk of Shotts, or wedded to 'Dundee's wild warbling measures,' or 'plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,' have ascended from the altar of many a cottar's home. If it has its glaring defects, it has also its striking beauties; and if we sometimes meet with a verse as harsh and prosaic as the following from Psalm Seventy-four:

"A MAN was famous, and was had
In estimation
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon,"

we as often find them as sweet and simple as this from the Twenty-third Psalm:

"THE LORD is my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

We are well pleased to see what justice is done to ISAAC WATTS: the more, that it is not long since we encountered in a daily journal of a sister city, an elaborate condemnation of the great majority of his hymns:

'FROM his day to our own, the Psalms and Hymns of ISAAC WATTS have been more highly valued, and more extensively used, than those of any other uninspired sacred poet. The spirit of catholicity which led him to decorate the walls of his study with the portraits of eminent men of every Christian name, which hung side by side the pictures of LUTHER and BELLARMIN, of CALVIN and ARMINIUS, of LEIGHTON and of BUNYAN, and which prompted him to desire that the devout men who carried him to his burial should represent the Independent, the Baptist, and the Presbyterian faiths, has been reciprocated by believers of almost every sect. Though often strongly marked by doctrinal peculiarities, his lyrical compositions have commended themselves to all true Christians. Selections from them are sung alike by Episcopalians, who, as Dr. JOHNSON says, will be happy if they 'imitate him in all but his non-conformity;' by Presbyterians, who have no sympathy with his Independency; by Baptists, who reject his views on infant church-membership; by Methodists, to whom his doctrine of decrees is an offence; by Unitarians, who, although his Psalms and Hymns prove him to have been an humble worshipper of CHRIST, claim him as an adherent; and by Independents, who number his gifts and his usefulness among their peculiar glories. There are no hymns so early and so long associated with our experience as his. Our childish memories gather round them. The cradles of most of us were rocked to the rhythm of his cradle-hymn, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;' and probably few of us had advanced far beyond the age at which he lay in his mother's lap, at the prison-door of his non-conforming father, ere we could lisp, 'Tis the voice of the sluggard,' 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' and, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.' The strong emotions of our manhood take hold upon them. In their language penitence sings, 'Show pity, LORD, O LORD! forgive;' self-reproach exclaims: 'Alas! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?' Faith lays her hand, not 'on beasts on Jewish altars slain,' but on that 'Heavenly LAMB,' which 'takes all our guilt away.' Christian fortitude nerves itself for the conflict with the question: 'Am I a soldier of the Cross?' and goes home to its reward with the triumphant assertion that

"JESUS can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Surviving affection disciplines itself with the thought: 'Why do we mourn departing friends?' and in unflinching trust reflects:

“ So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.”

‘Rarely does a man's fame rest mainly on his earlier efforts. But the Psalms, and many of the Hymns of Dr. WATTS—the most celebrated of his works—were the productions of his youth. Some of them were composed while he was still beneath the paternal roof, a pupil in his father's boarding-school at Southampton. The young poet's ear and taste were offended by the miserable psalmody of his native place. He prepared his Hymns as a substitute for the inharmonious and prosaic strains which hindered rather than helped his devotion. His first offering is said to have been the hymn beginning, ‘Behold the glories of the Lamb.’ A collection of his hymns was printed in 1707. In 1719 he published his Psalms, in which he professed to have imitated the Psalms of David in the language of the New Testament. The latter received no additions, but the former were multiplied during his long, retired and studious, but painful and laborious life. Few, if any, of them can be connected with the incidents of his ministry; few, if any, are way-marks along the peaceful paths of his history. We long in vain to associate some of them with his six years' tutorship in Sir JOHN HARTOPP's family, at Stoke Newington: his Logic is its only memorial. We endeavor, to no purpose to read in some of those penitent, confiding, or joyful strains, the record of nervous hours spent in bed in a darkened chamber, after a fatiguing service in the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London. It is but a few of them which we can connect with that visit of his to the hospitable roof of Sir THOMAS ABNEY, at Theobalds, which, intended to last a few days, extended through thirty-six years, and terminated only when in 1748 the mourners bore him to his final resting-place in the hallowed ground of Bunhill Fields. It was for the children of this kind entertainer, who had welcomed him when an invalid, that he composed many of his Divine and Moral Songs; and some of the friends of this Lord Mayor's family may be supposed to have been consoled with the funeral strains,

“ Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.”

‘It is pleasant to see how the fame of this Christian poet has survived the ridicule which once sought to lessen it, and how the merits of his productions have triumphed over all the opposition which they awakened. It is to the praise of POPE, that in later editions of ‘The Dunciad,’ he substituted some inferior name in the place which that of Dr. WATTS had held in his merciless satire; and it is no less to the reproach of the insincere author of the ‘Night Thoughts,’ that in his ‘Universal Passion,’ he allowed himself to stigmatize WATTS as

“ ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain.”

One of the most amusing and harmless exhibitions of feeling provoked by his innocent lyrics, was that called forth from the Rev. THOMAS BRADBURY, who, when his unlucky clerk had stumbled upon one of the Doctor's hymns, rose, and cried out: ‘Let us have none of Mr. WATTS's whines.’

Of DODDRIDGE, the friend and emulator of WATTS, and who ranks next to him among the hymn-writers of English Independency, the reviewer thus speaks. The scene referred to is Northampton church, in one of the English provinces:

‘Let us turn aside to visit this quiet scene of his useful ministry, and on some Sabbath day enter that old chapel ‘with the square windows and sombre walls,’ where so many precious words of truth have been uttered, and such sacred notes of praise have been sung. There, in yonder square corner-seat, in the scarlet coat of a Scotch cavalry-officer, sits a tall and stately man, the fire of whose gray eyes seems subdued by the sanctity of the place, and whose gentle and devout manner betokens a spirit rarely associated with his garb and calling. It is Colonel GARDINER, destined to fall upon the field of Preston-Pans, and to be immortalized by the pen of him whose ministrations he so highly prized and so often sought. There, too, is the stately and haughty Dr. AKENSIDE, who, having just completed his ‘Pleasures of the Imagination,’ and finished his studies at Edinburgh and Leyden, tries the effect of his drugs and nostrums on the boors of Northampton, ere he removes to London, and by poetry and physic wins his way to the post of physician to the queen. The pupils of the Northampton Academy, as yet unknown to fame, but destined many of them to usefulness and even celebrity, and the good people of the village and its environs, constitute the rest of the congregation. With gentle winsome tones, and simple, earnest manner, the preacher is uttering a clear and well-arranged discourse, evidently drawn from the depths of his own experience, and hallowed with prayer. His text is, ‘There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.’ The discourse ended, the preacher ‘lines out’ to his hearers the well-known hymn, ‘Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,’ into which he has compressed the leading thoughts of his sermon, that it may

impress them more deeply on their minds, and serve at once to awaken and utter the emotions which the theme demands. This was his usual custom, so that in his three hundred and seventy hymns we have reproduced and perpetuated the spirit, and even the form, of DODDRIDGE's ministry. Each of them has its Scripture text, and each was once appended to a parish discourse. It is easy to see what spirituality, what directness, what fitness, and what sympathy with human feeling and human need hymns must possess, when thus originated. Of these three hundred and seventy hymns, but a small number have found their way into our modern collections. But the best of them are in use among us, and are among those most frequently employed. Few are more familiar than those recalled by the following first lines: 'Jesus, I love Thy charming name,' 'To-morrow, Lord, is thine,' 'Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,' 'Grace, 't is a charming sound,' 'Dear SAVIOUR, we are thine,' 'Now let our cheerful eyes survey,' and 'Hark, the glad sound, the SAVIOUR comes.' It has been beautifully said, that 'if amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns, like these, are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of DODDRIDGE to every shore where his MASTER is loved, and where his mother-tongue is spoken.'

We rejoice to see the praise which the reviewer awards to CHARLES WESLEY as a 'hymnologist.' No hymn-writer, of any creed, has ever exceeded him. Sung to many of the tender, pathetic tunes of the Methodist church—and how very tender and touching are those airs—they have many and many a time moistened our cheek with tears. It is not long since that we attended the funeral of a member of the Methodist church. He had been a devout, self-denying, *living* Christian. The congregation, as many of them as could do so, gathered together around the open coffin, and looked upon his pale, clay-cold face—the white hair falling away from his temples, and his 'hard and horny hands,' that should work no more on earth, cross-folded on his silent breast. And the good old minister, walking backward and forward, past the head of the coffin, gave out, sang, and also they which were with him, this exquisitely consolatory hymn of CHARLES WESLEY:

'How blest is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind!
How easy the SOUL, that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now—
No longer a sinner, like me.

'The languishing head is at rest:
Its thinking and aching are o'er:
The quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of sorrow, or shaken with pain:
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never will flutter again!

'No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion has vanished away
The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep!

There was barely a dry eye in the congregation. Readverting to WATTS, it is an evidence of 'progress,' that he is rebuked by the reviewer for the 'minute-

ness with which he pursues metaphors descriptive of eternal perdition : ' such, we presume, as :

' But oh ! their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below !

There is quite a savage article upon Mr. O. A. BROWNSON's new book, '*The Convert, or Leaves from my Experience*,' yclept in the Review, '*Brownson's Exposition of Himself*.' His 'classic, nervous English' is highly praised, but his variorum religious record is deemed 'faulty.' Among the '*Short Notices*,' we remark one upon Mr. ELEAZER LORD's elaborate and cogently-reasoned work, recently noticed in these pages, '*The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*.' If we were not aware that we were speaking of a learned clergyman, the editor of the Review, we should describe this notice as simply *flippant*. The learned writer sees some bugbear in the idea of an 'absolute necessity of words to the exercise of thought ;' and suggests that 'Infants have thoughts before they have words, and so have the deaf and dumb.' But if under the term 'words' signs, gestures, etc., equivalent to vocal articulations, are included, then there is no evidence that infants or mutes have thoughts before they have words : and, since the question of inspiration has no reference to infants or to mutes, and 'no man can have a wordless thought, any more than there can be a formless flower,' (the reviewer's own words heretofore, be it understood,) the objection would seem to be quite irrelevant.

THE NEW-ENGLANDER : First Number of Volume Sixteen : for February, 1858. New-Haven, Connecticut : WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY, Proprietor, New-York : WILEY AND HALSTEAD, Number 351 Broadway.

It has twice been complained of us by correspondents, that while we have rendered justice to kindred publications, we have permitted some of the best numbers of the '*New-Englander*' Quarterly that have ever been issued, to pass unnoticed in our pages. While we plead guilty to this charge, let us try to amend our fault : first imparting information as to what this Review *is*, and also what it is *not*. Comprehensively, 'in the affirmative,' then, it is a quarterly journal, whose aim is, to give expression to the views of religious persons, on all the topics of the day. It is not a professional journal, in which questions of Biblical learning, or of metaphysical theology are scientifically discussed for the use of clergymen and students of divinity. It is not exclusively a journal for the discussion of religious and ecclesiastical questions. It holds itself free to treat of *every* subject, literary, political, theological, or religious, that may be presumed to be interesting, either speculatively or practically, to intelligent readers. It is generally known that the '*New-Englander*' is under the control of a club of gentlemen, residing in New-Haven, Connecticut. Among their number are the PRESIDENT, and many of the PROFESSORS of Yale College, together with some of the Pastors of the Congregational churches of New-Haven. Beside these, there is given a list of forty other contributors,

all either 'Professors' or 'Reverends.' Among the former is a LARNED man, and among the latter, a GULLIVER. It seems to us that there must be many 'doubters' in a congregation, while listening to a minister whose name is GULLIVER:

'PON my word it's true,
'What'll you lay it's a lie?'

we should fear might be the response to the ministerial 'utterance.' But that is 'neither here nor there.' the present Review is the matter whereof we are to speak. It has three or four very interesting articles. *Is Protestantism responsible for Modern Unbelief?* is the title of the first, which contains some fine passages, and this is one of them:

'LUTHER, on his way back to Wittenberg from Rome, whither he had gone on a mission in behalf of his order, had time to ponder this brief phrase of the Scriptures: *'The Just shall live by Faith.'* Few events in history are more fitted to kindle the imagination than the journey homeward of that solitary Monk, revolving in his mind a single sentence of the Bible, a sentence which was slowly gaining possession of his soul, and thus preparing a power that was to rend ancient churches and empires, and stamp a new character upon the civilization of mankind! LUTHER explains how he dwelt on the words of PAUL, until at length they gave up to him their meaning: 'Through the Gospel that righteousness is revealed which avails before God, by which He, out of grace and mere compassion, justifies us through faith.' 'Here I felt at once,' he exclaims, 'that I was wholly born again, and that I had now found a door thrown wide open, through which I could enter Paradise.' The Bible was transfigured before him. He read it with an ardor and an insight that amazed himself. He needed no proof of its divine origin, but the full satisfaction it yielded to the deepest wants of his spirit. His peace and lofty joy carried with them the consciousness that he had reached the truth. The Arctic voyager, after the long and dreary night of a Polar winter, hails the Sun, with no misgiving of its reality, the moment he espies its broad and radiant disc above the verge of the horizon! The truth of God, like that luminary, shines in its own light.'

The second paper is upon '*Extemporaneous Preaching*,' a review based upon the three volumes of sermons by SPURGEON, heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. The defence of extemporaneous preaching is elaborately argued, and forcibly illustrated. Among other 'enforcements,' however, the writer has the following platitudinal, depleted, emasculated caricature of Mr. MICHAEL WALSH's superb and original illustration, drawn from the incident of the contending Grecian sculptors, for the honor of furnishing the statue which was to crown the apex of the Temple of MINERVA. Compared with the original, (which we first preserved herein, years ago,) observe the following:

'We remember a story of two rival sculptors competing for a prize in statues to be erected on a lofty column; the one offering a delicate elaborate figure which the spectators admired as it stood on the ground, while they only marvelled at the rude unfinished workmanship presented by the other; but as the two forms were elevated to their intended site, that which was so nicely chiseled lost its charm, and the homelier lineaments grew imposing to every eye: upon which the judgment was reversed, and he was rewarded as the successful artist who adapted his work to its distinctive design.'

We have looked, in too much haste, and hence in vain, for the original sketch of the rough-hewn statue, rising above the heads of the people, its coarse seams and seeming deformities melting into lines of beauty, until, 'when it was lowered upon its pedestal, you would have thought the Divinity herself had descended upon the apex, so exquisite was the workmanship.' The subjoined, while it is true, is also in much better taste:

'THAT the 'Modern WHITEFIELD,' SPURGEON has achieved a wonderful success in arousing and attracting the public mind, is a plain fact that deserves to be considered.

There has been nothing like it since the days of WHITEFIELD and WESLEY. Born in England, in June, 1834, a son and grand-son of Independent ministers, with no extraordinary aids of education or of introduction, for more than three years he has been so preaching from day to day that the people of London have crowded to hear him, ten thousand at a time, even at the risk of personal safety. Wherever he has gone, the masses have felt the same attraction. And his power, like that of all other genuine orators, has been felt by 'all sorts and conditions of men,' statesmen and nobles and authors being found among the multitude of his hearers, and aiding his church-building enterprise. By this time the process has been repeated, with the same effects, often enough, with the publication of these three volumes, containing seventy-one sermons, and more than twelve hundred pages, to furnish settled data for inquiry and inference, and we are sure also, for instruction.

'Now in the face of this phenomenon, no thoughtful man will content himself with flaunting forth such terms as 'clap-trap,' 'gammon,' and the like. Superficial, conceited talkers may sneer at what they call the 'gullibility' of such people as run after SPURGEON, and affect to despise the excitement he produces, as the unreasonable, fickle 'rage of the season,' though not one of them would fail to covet just such applause from such a source, or would fail to be intoxicated by it. But wise men remember that the common people, though not philosophers, are yet not fools, and that their verdict is the best that can be had in any instance as to the reality and extent of that indefinable power called eloquence. The orator, whether before a jury, or in the pulpit, or 'on the stump,' gets his truest response from their instincts, and when they run after him and crowd about him continually, it is sheer nonsense to say there is no sufficient reason why they should. The fact of his success is an effect which demonstrates a cause too deep and solid to be questioned or despised.'

'The Israelites in Egypt,' 'The Mosaic Cosmogony,' 'The British in India,' and 'California, its Characteristics and Prospects,' are the remaining papers, to which, in the pages of the Review itself, we must refer the reader.

NORTHERN TRAVEL. By BAYARD TAYLOR: SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN. In one Volume: pp. 468. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 321 Broadway

BAYARD TAYLOR, as an accurate describer of whatever passes under his observation is simply a Travelling Daguerreotype. In light and shadow, his reader may rely upon one thing: he is as true as the sun itself. We have travelled with him, and know and feel that what we say is strictly and entirely true. We know, that when he is at the '*Voaring Foss*,' or the smaller cataract of the *Rhineau*, in Norway, what he sees with his observant eyes, we see—that what, with his ever-open ears, *he* hears, *we* hear. With 'perfect concord' do we indorse the annexed tribute: 'He travels and writes with equal facility and equal pleasure; and he travels, too, that he may write. Looking into any of his books, we do not find that he travelled with any other motive than to gather materials to make a volume; and when his volume is filled, his journey is at an end; nothing more remains. But the spirit of locomotion is strong upon him; he has sturdy limbs, robust health, and an inexhaustible stock of good nature. He can start off at a moment's warning, with his writing materials, on a ramble to the North Cape, or to Terra del Fuego. He has no preferences; a summer in Africa, or a winter in Lapland, it is all the same to him, and he turns his observations into three sources of profit: first, as letters to the journal which he makes the medium of his communications to the public; then as lectures, and lastly as books. He has a free, easy, and picturesque descriptive style, and he always preserves his temper. It is

marvellous to see what a uniform tone of quiet contentedness he exhibits under all circumstances, in all climes, and all societies. Lapps, Egyptians, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, Germans, Englishmen, and Californians, are all equally agreeable to him, and he to them. He is never excited, never loses his self-possession, is never dissatisfied; and he manages by the easy flow of his narrative to infuse into his reader something of the spirit which pervades his own volumes. The last volume of travels from the pen of this most genial of wanderers is composed of his letters from Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland. The volume published by G. P. PUTNAM, is entitled, '*Northern Travel, Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland.*' Our traveller landed at Stockholm early in December, 1856, and started immediately for the North, making his way into the Arctic circle just at that season of the year when most men would have been desirous of leaving it. But he wanted to see the Lapps in mid-winter, when the sun scarce shows its disc above the horizon, and the earth is covered with a coating of ice and snow. And it is fortunate for us, who lack the opportunity or inclination for such laborious and dangerous travel, that he was impelled by a noble enthusiasm to make a mid-winter journey in those frozen regions, for his pictures of life among that remote and little-visited people give us a more vivid sense of their peculiarities than any other traveller has furnished the world. It imparts a feeling of delicious enjoyment to sit in our warm and cosy rooms, and read his lively descriptions of reindeer travelling over the sparkling snows of Lapland, and to follow him into the huts of the Lapp peasants. It was while he was at Kanto-keino, where the sun did not show itself above the horizon during twenty-four hours, that he heard a man give a regular Indian war-whoop, and, on asking an explanation of the strange sound, he was told that it had been learned from OLE BULL. MR. TAYLOR arrives at the conclusion, after his Arctic experiences, that the proper zone for human beings to thrive in is embraced between the thirtieth and fifty-fifth degrees of latitude.'

A PRACTICAL TREATISE UPON THE LAW OF RAIL-ROADS. BY ISAAC F. REDFIELD, LL.D., Chief-Justice of Vermont. In one Volume: pp. 736. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

CEDAR-HILL COTTAGE looks over, yet down upon, the great Eastern terminus of a 'broad-gauge' Rail-road, which reaches from the green waters of Lake Erie to the blue waters of the Tapaan-Zee—the 'New-York and Erie.' Not unnaturally, many Rail-road officers, of the highest grades, are 'hereaway' often: these have spoken to us, in the highest terms of praise, of the work whose title appears above. Now, we shall not incur the suspicion, that because its 'Honorable' and honored author has long been, and still is, a too-'occasional' correspondent of this Magazine, *therefore* we are bound to praise 'those things,' the knowledge whereof we ourselves are not possessed of: and it is for this reason that we say, 'Ditto to Mr. BURKE:' a critic whose reputation is not less recognized, nor much more thoroughly established, than that of the great English debater:

'THE entire subject of this book appears to be handled in a very thorough manner. Though it is less than thirty years since the introduction of locomotive engines first brought rail-roads into use as a means of general travel and transportation, they have come within that time to constitute a constantly-increasing occasion of litigation in the Courts, have raised many questions entirely new, and have called for many new applications of old principles. A treatise in which these decisions are arranged in an orderly manner—not a mere digest of cases, but embracing also an exposition of the principles involved—cannot but be a great convenience to the student and practitioner, and indeed to many men of business. In this treatise the subject is taken up at the beginning, commencing with the preliminary associations for the construction of a rail-road, and the obligations assumed and the rights acquired by the original associators or their assigns. The author then takes up the charter and the proceedings under it, including the organization of the company, the acceptance of the charter, modification of it, the ordinary powers of the company as exercised by the majority, the meetings of the company, and the election, meeting and qualification of directors. Then comes the subject of by-laws, of the stock, of the transfer of shares, (including the sale of spurious shares, and many other interesting questions,) assessments or calls, and means of enforcing them. The subjects of the organization of the company and the provision of the capital being thus disposed of, the book proceeds next to treat of the right of way—whether obtained by an express grant or by that right of eminent domain residing in the State and transferred to it by the company—the compensation to be made therefor, and the method of procedure in relation thereto. This chapter embraces the questions of the right to take highways or other rail-roads or corporate franchises, to occupy city streets, to build over navigable waters, and to obstruct streams. Next follows the law of the construction of rail-roads, which is fully treated in nineteen sections, including the rights and liabilities both of the company and the contractors. The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters discuss at length the liabilities of rail-roads as common carriers of goods and passengers, in connection with which are considered in subsequent chapters the questions of excessive fare and freights, fires communicated by the company's engines, injuries to domestic animals, liability to maintain fences, and liability for the acts of the company's employees. The twenty-third chapter is devoted to the directors, their authority, duties, powers, and liabilities. The twenty-fourth chapter discusses arrangements between different companies. Next follows, in distinct chapters, the subject of legal proceedings against rail-roads by mandamus, certiorari, in equity, and by indictment. The thirtieth chapter discusses the subject of taxation, including the rights of towns and counties to subscribe for rail-road stock; and the thirty-first chapter considers the extent of the powers of the Legislature, especially in relation to paramount and exclusive grants, and their right to impose restrictions on existing corporations. The thirty-second chapter treats of the important questions of the raising of money by bonds, mortgages, and the issue of new shares and preferred stock, followed by chapters on dividends, and on proceedings against rail-roads by levy and execution, including the dissolution of companies. Next follow legislative supervision and police of rail-roads, and finally the consolidation and amalgamation of companies. It will be seen from this sketch, that the book discusses a great many questions at this time of practical interest to large numbers. It has an excellent table of contents, which carries the reader easily to any matter of which he is in search, and must prove a great convenience, not merely to lawyers, but to rail-road men generally.'

'I don't care a tinker's copper about *that!*' said, the other day, in our hearing, a 'drover,' respondent to an esteemed friend, (who 'each particular of his rail-road duty *knows,*' and *does it.*) 'I don't care nothing about *that!*—rail-roads can't ketch *me!* I'll have my own *way* in this thing, and what's more, I'll have my own way of *havin'* it, too! I an't kerless: my *stock* an't kerless. See if 't'ant so!' It was 'so,' as he said. The 'Road,' however, wanted just this book to have 'non-plushed' him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE AMOURS OF WARREN HASTINGS. — The following instance of adventure and fidelity in love-matters, comes to us from a new and welcome correspondent, 'R. H. H.' As British India, in its fortunes and its misfortunes, is at the present time, to a greater or less extent, arresting the current thoughts of all readers, the writer has not unwisely judged in 'believing, that a passage from the far from unromantic life of one of its earliest and most distinguished Governors—one indeed, than whom no one else has done more to subject India to British dominion—may not prove untimely, nor perhaps altogether uninteresting.'

'In the early spring of 1789, the 'Duke of Grafton' sailed for the South Seas, and in it WARREN HASTINGS, who had been home from the East on a visit, returned to India. This celebrated personage was born in England, and of noble blood; but through some reverse of fortune, never succeeded to the patrimony and estates of his fathers. His earliest and life-long ambition, through all his checkered and eventful career in India, was to possess himself of the means necessary to redeem this ancestral home. While a lad of only a dozen summers, he used to recline on the green banks of one of those pure streams that fertilized its gardens and parks, in full view of the old baronial palace, and mature plans by which to realize this great object. The plan upon which he finally determined, and which he afterward pursued with such signal success, was, to secure employment from the East-India Company, proceed at once to India, and there press every thing into service that promised success. He accordingly embarked for that far country, went to work for the Company, labored four or five years without any thing special 'turning up' to mark his history, returned home on a brief visit, and has now taken passage once more for the land of his adoption.

'An uninterrupted voyage of fifteen thousand miles, may be easily conceived to present as monotonous a phase of life as can possibly be otherwise afforded. Cut off entirely from the world, the limited community of a dozen individuals, perhaps, affords the only resources for that variety which gives life any zest, or renders it in the least degree supportable. With this community, good, bad, or indifferent, one *must* come in contact daily, hourly; circumstances eminently propitious for contracting the most inveterate and lasting dislikes, or, on the other hand, the most interesting connections.

'Among the passengers of the 'Duke of Grafton,' it appears, was one German portrait-painter, by the name of IMHOFF, and wife, which latter is described as an individual in whom was fitly blended outward beauty and accomplishments with nobleness of mind, and interesting and engaging manners.

'With this individual — the wife — HASTINGS, very naturally, was not long in forming an acquaintance, and one which, under circumstances so favorable for social intercourse, soon amounted to little less than intimacy. Pretty much the first thing, strange as it may appear, of which he became fully satisfied was, that, whether with good reason or otherwise, she most heartily despised her husband; and, but little later, what more particularly concerned himself, that she was fast actually becoming an object of special favor and regard in his own eyes. Startling discoveries, indeed! — discoveries which rendered his situation one at once of interest and of peril: of interest, because his own future happiness, or course in life might be affected by it; of peril, because the only individual whose companionship could in the least degree afford any antidote for the ennui and mortal irksomeness of a long and tedious voyage, in spite of himself, was fast making him her slave; gaining possession, indeed, of all he had in the world, his heart; an estate with which he was not so ready to part, at least for the sake of an old married woman. But how was he going to help himself? Circumstances utterly precluded, on the one hand, the possibility of avoiding, much less fleeing the object of his passion, while no secret ocean-cave, provided in the hazardous extremity, an elopement were determined upon, offered the asylum of a Gretna Green to the enamoured pair. He seemed by fate irretrievably hemmed in. Flee from temptation he could not. Why then be surprised to learn that he felt most keenly its 'cruel power?' And what man, let me ask, can long remain in the presence of a beautiful, intelligent, fascinating, and, therefore, a woman of power, and not feel her influence? As likely would he be to resist the influence of the sun-light with success, though exposed to the full blaze of noon-day. No: as ice must of necessity melt, if exposed to the influence of heat, so against that subtle power which woman holds, that anon sparkles in her eye, mellows in her tones, beams upon her face, 'mantling through its beauty,' and which, when intensified, is aptly defined by TUPPER, as 'a volume in a word;' 'an ocean in a tear;' 'a seventh heaven in a glance;' 'a whirlwind in a sigh;' the 'lightning in a touch;' 'a millennium in a moment;' it were altogether vain, and worse, to think of making successful resistance. Such, then, was the dilemma in which HASTINGS found himself. Nor was it any longer worth while to deny it; an attachment, fostered by every little kind office performed, every glance, every word, by almost every circumstance of every-day life, was springing up — an inexorable necessity.

'At this juncture, events transpired which operated to precipitate matters very considerably; nay, bring them pretty decidedly to an issue. HASTINGS fell seriously ill. Now of all the places to be sick, the worst, we are told, is on ship-board, where every lurch and leap of the reeling, staggering vessel, wrings another pang from the tortured victim, and where the constant motion affords never a respite for perfect and natural repose. Thus circumstanced, haunted with the loneliness of his situation, and racked with pain, who, with all a mother's tenderness and assiduity, administered to all his wants and necessities? Who, while others slept, through the long, wearisome watches of the night, watched over him? Who, with her own hand, gave him all his medicines, smoothed his pillow, supported his aching head, cooled his feverish brow in the interims of his deliriums, and counted as days the doubtful moments of his recovery? Whose was this ever-present spirit, this ever-constant heart, that thus so unexpectedly hovers,

watches, and waits about the sick-bed of this friendless boy at sea? Who would not love it indeed? Alas! the power of kindness! especially when its object is a poor orphan boy, homeless and friendless, and the benefactor a beautiful woman, whose looks are so full of tenderness, and whose tones so full of love! **IX MARVEL** says, we can sometimes afford to be sick; nay, covet it, for the very sympathy it brings, especially when that sympathy was felt and expressed in our behalf by the woman we best love. **JOHN HOWARD**, the lowly yet immortal, whose name is indorsed in heaven, while sick at Stoke Newington, was not proof against the unremitted kindness and devotion of his landlady, **Mrs. LOIDORE**; but long before fully restored to health, had not only confessed his sincere attachment to her; but, though she was twenty-five years his senior, offered her his hand as well as his heart, and was accepted; nor was it ever known that he had the first occasion to repent of the step he had taken. We certainly, then, shall not wonder to learn that, long before the 'Duke of Grafton' arrived in Madras, **HASTINGS** was avowedly in love.

'But his love, while it was strong, earnest, and deep, was not impetuous. Intent now, since his heart was altogether engaged, and, as he then felt, his happiness for life at stake, on realizing at any expense, or whatever sacrifice, the fruition of his desires, he set about maturing a scheme for the accomplishment of this object, with as calculating a mind, and cool consideration of ways and means, as he had previously done for the redemption of his paternal estates. The plan which he, in connection with his mistress, finally adopted, was as follows:

'He would proceed immediately to Bengal, and get reëstablished in business, while she was to institute a suit for divorce in some of the courts of Franconia. While this matter was pending, (which, in all probability, would be during five or six years,) she should remain with her husband, as usual; but as soon as the marriage was dissolved, he would make her his wife, and adopt the children which she had borne to her former husband.

'Whatever view, in a strictly moral sense, we may take of these amours of **HASTINGS**, or his mode of working out his purposes, we can yet but admire if not applaud the singular fidelity with which he lived to fulfil all his vows; fulfil to a letter this contract, the offspring at once of passion, yet of mature deliberation.

'Fired now with a double ambition, to redeem the home of his fathers, and spend there, with her whom he now loved better than his own life, his declining years, the evening of life, he proceeded at once to engage himself in the service of the East-India Company, and applied himself to his pursuits with a devotion and decision of purpose, that promised some success. Nor was it long delayed; commencing at first in the humble capacity of clerk, by his indomitable energy and untiring application, he so worked his way from one post of honor and trust to another, and by his indefatigable devotion to business and the interests of the Company, as well as by the wisdom of his counsels and the skill displayed ever in his political exploits—*coups d'état*—so secured the confidence of the Company, that mainly through its influence, in less than fifteen months after his return he was called to occupy the high and responsible position of Governor-General of India. Like **BYRON**, indeed, he too had suddenly 'awoke and found himself famous.'

'The millions of India were now all his subjects, and obedient to his will; a standing army was at his command, ready and willing to do his veriest bidding, even to letting itself to foreign service for pay, and exterminating the innocent, defenceless, unfortunate *Rohillas*. The resources of a vast and ancient empire were subject to his control; and the treasures of time-honored and inoffensive

nabobs gathered to swell his treasury, and carry forward his enterprises. His word was law in the province, and his name soon became a terror to all the tribes abroad. In short, in an almost incredibly brief space of time, from the capacity of posting books for the Company, he was become statesman, diplomatist, monarch. His movements were attracting the attention of the whole civilized world, and for a long series of years, afforded a fruitful topic of comment and disquisition by the English press, and of debate in the House of Commons. Feeling indeed that he was born to be dictator supreme, in defiance of instructions from the Home Government, he outwitted and discomfited altogether Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, a man who had eminently distinguished himself as a statesman at home, the alleged author, indeed, of the papers of JUNIUS, who, with one or two others, had been sent out to rule as associate Governors of India with himself, and correct some of the abuses of which the latter had been charged as guilty. In the mean while, with such consummate skill and indomitable energy and perseverance, was he pushing his enterprises, he was winning the admiration even of his enemies. So manifestly was all India undergoing, under his administration, a radical and rapid revolution, and the English Government securing a firmer, a stronger hold upon the country than ever before, that he was popular with the Court, in spite of his obstinacy and excesses. So astonishingly were the coffers of the East-India Company replenished by the rich harvest of pagodas he was reaping, that they were bound to sustain him at all hazards.

'Now then, query: would not this highly-distinguished and honored potentate, flushed with this tide of victory and success, conscious that, in the future he was to be the companion of nobles and princes, and be associated with the titled and the powerful, look with contempt upon, if not entirely forget his love affair with the Dutch woman on board the 'Duke of Grafton.' Not so: all praise to his honor! About five years from the event of that voyage, during which time HASTINGS had neither seen nor been able to hear from his intended, news was received that one Mme. IMHOFF had at length succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her husband in the Franconia courts. HASTINGS hailed the piece of news with every demonstration of joy; took immediate measures to have the lady brought to him; caused the day of his nuptials to be announced as an universal holiday, and celebrated it with festivities of a very conspicuous order, bidding welcome to all, friend or foe, young and old, all in the name of his bride.

'No, he had not forgotten the old mistress of his heart, that guardian spirit that watched over him when none other was near to pity, to comfort, or to cheer. And we are by no means out of humor, amid all the hypocrisies, infidelity, and deceit so fearfully rife, especially in high life, that history has not deemed it foreign to its province to preserve this one instance of singular fidelity and trust in an *affair de cœur*.

'HASTINGS was some fifteen years Governor of India, and his wife always exerted a marked and controlling, nay, almost magical influence over him. And when he at length returned to England, she who was born under the Arctic circle, had played the queen under the Tropic of Cancer, proved herself worthy to grace the Court of Queen CHARLOTTE, acted a conspicuous part during the famous and protracted trial of a husband, whose alleged crimes are preserved in the amber of the immortal eloquence of SHERIDAN and BURKE; and subsequently, HASTINGS having been enabled, through the liberality of the East-India Company, to redeem his ancestral home, for which object he had lived and labored so long, but in which his long and expensive trial had well-nigh defeated him, became extensively known and favored as the distinguished Lady of Daylesford.'

STORY OF A DETECTIVE 'EXPERT.' — The reader of the 'Lost Jewels of ACHMET BEY,' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, will need no added inducement to peruse the following, which proceeds from the same pen :

'THE circumstance which occurred in Cairo to which I alluded in my account of the recovery of the jewels of Achmet Bey happened on this wise.

'I had been to Petra and Mount Sinai, and had reached Cairo, *en route* for Upper Egypt. Departing from my regular custom of sleeping at a Khan, I put up at SHEPPARD'S Hotel, determined to atone for past fatigue by a fortnight's rest. Our caravan arrived late in the evening, and when I sat down to tea I found but one companion. He was a large and rather handsome Englishman, whose gigantic frame and ruddy countenance evidently bespoke a traveller for pleasure and not for health. The usual courtesies of strangers passed between us on meeting, and it was not until we were nearly through our meal, that an active conversation was commenced.

'Finding our tastes somewhat similar, and being much prepossessed in his favor, at my solicitation he accompanied me to my room, where there was a good fire, more for appearance sake than necessity, and soon being involved in a dense cloud of Latakia, (for which my heart now sighs,) we unfolded our several histories. He had for some years been the chief 'detective' in a large English city; having grown weary of his calling, and possessing some property, he had determined to travel. 'Not,' as he bluntly and honestly confessed, 'because he was a scholar, and wished to see that of which he had read, but because he simply wished to enlarge his views, and enjoy himself.' He entertained me until long past mid-night, with detailed accounts of the adventures and difficulty he had experienced in ferreting out offenders, although he frankly confessed that it was an unpleasant thing to find that what at first was amusement, soon turned into an unpoetical, degraded feeling of spy-like drudgery. About one o'clock we separated, promising to devote the next day to sight-seeing; I offering, as an inducement, my knowledge of the language which would preclude the necessity of other guide than our donkey-boys.

'Two or three days of pleasant companionship had rapidly flown, during which much was accomplished, when the servant who brought fresh water to me in the morning, asked if I had heard of 'the murder.' In answer to my listless inquiries, he told me that IBRAHIM, the cobbler, was missing, and that there had been enough blood found on the floor of his room to guarantee the belief that wherever he was, he was not alive. This was all he knew, and I thought little more on the subject until breakfast time.

'THOMPSON — so I shall call my friend — was already seated when I reached the table, and after bidding me good morning, he asked me the English and American question: 'What news?'

'It would appear,' I replied, 'that they have had a murder or abduction case during the night, for our old friend of whom you bought your red slippers, has disappeared.'

'If, instead of murdering him, they had made him wear a pair of his own slippers for an hour or two, I think they would have punished him badly enough,' said THOMPSON, who the day before had been heroically enduring a pair of Turkish shoes.

After we had finished our meal, I proposed the Pyramids, or the Palace of

ABBAS PASHA, (which latter was not then completed.) THOMPSON said his feet were too much blistered to walk round 'the curiosities,' and proposed we should visit the house where the murder was committed, and, said he, 'Perhaps I can give you a hint or two on circumstantial evidence, which will prove useful to you some day.' So saying, he limped out of the hotel, I following, and we were soon cantering gayly toward the bazaars.

'When we reached the house, which was in the thickest part of the Tahan Bazaar, a large crowd had already assembled, and the secretary of the Pasha was loudly vociferating and calling upon them to disperse.

'THOMPSON seemed to forget his lameness, for dismounting, he *ploughed* a path to the house, I following in his furrow. Watching his chance, when the secretary was engaged in laying down the law to the most persistent, he pushed open the door, and walking in, as quietly closed it, leaving none within its walls but ourselves. The sight to me was almost sickening; and, to divert my thoughts, I was about peering into the closets, when my companion called to me to stop.

'Do not touch any thing,' he said; 'here is a rare chance to show you, that all my adventures were not idle talk. I will guarantee that if you will interpret for me, I can find out who did this deed.'

'I looked at him in astonishment. His keen eye was rapidly scanning the room, and indelibly transferring to his memory all it rested on.

'We shall not long remain undisturbed here, and therefore don't say any thing to me, but note every thing, however minute, about the place, and we will talk it up afterward.'

'I obeyed his instructions. In about half-an-hour the crowd had been dispersed, and the latch was drawn. At the noise we both looked up. It was the secretary who entered, with a broom in his hand; I paid little attention to his looks, however; my friend paid more. The secretary was a little startled at finding two Franks in the dwelling, and he seemed heated and fatigued with his contest with the people outside; he, however, asked us to be seated, and apologized for his having no refreshments to offer us. He did not ask us our business, as is the custom among the Orientals, although they always couch the inquiry in such terms as to make it appear an act of friendly interest rather than curiosity. Although he did not ask me, it seemed so natural to make some remark concerning our affairs, that I asked THOMPSON what excuse I should offer for our intrusion.

'Tell him,' replied he, 'that we are going to discover the murderer, after the English plan; that we would like him to recommend us to the Pasha, as being excellent diviners.'

'Although I was somewhat troubled to find the requisite words in which to frame this eloquent address, I managed in some manner to convey the idea to him, and with abundant assurances that he would exert his influence with the Pasha on our behalf, we left him.

'After taking a ride for an hour or two longer, we returned and enjoyed a *siesta* before dinner. I took a little walk round the square, which is in front of the hotel, and then went to my friend's room. I found him drawing, at the table, and without looking up, he pushed a piece of paper before me and asked me to draw a plan of the room in which the tragedy took place.

'On comparing them, they were found to agree in general; but in detail, his was much more exact than mine.

'He then drew two chairs before the fire, and after clapping his hands in the hall to summon a servant, he ordered some of 'ALSOP'S East India,' which, though less

poetical than sherbet, is far more satisfactory. We lighted our cherry-handled chibouks and drew comfort from their amber mouth-pieces.

‘And now,’ said THOMPSON, after we had smoked a while in silence, ‘what do you remember about the room, and what things attracted your special attention?’

‘I gave him all the observations I had made, without skipping, as I thought, the most trivial thing. When I had ended, he praised my power of noticing, and said he thought a few lessons would make me an adept. Then, refilling his pipe, he told me his views, as follows. I only omit such things as we talked up and discarded as irrelevant:

‘I noticed that the house was at one end of a small street, although it fronted on the bazaar; there was no occupied house in front of it, and the shops on either side, I remember, are closed at night. In the rear there are no houses whose windows command IBRAHIM’S dwelling. I noticed that the house was composed of the room in which we were and the loft above. Now that loft has never been opened, within a week at least, as the cobwebs were as thick round it as they are round the mouth of a parish poor-box. Now, as the man must have slept somewhere, he slept in that room, and perhaps was sleeping when his assassin entered. I observed in one corner of the room a mat and some pillows, which had not been disturbed; and the only evidence I have that he was sleeping, was the evident adjustment of those three ottomans. Now a man is never murdered — at least very, very seldom — except from covetousness, jealousy, or hatred for an injury done; insanity I look upon as a mere make-shift used by clever counsellors to divert the law from its true course; although so popular has the doctrine become that the word murder seems to be defined *unpunishable insanity*. But that is getting off our subject. In this *enlightened* country, where it is no object for a man to be insane, we may reduce our inquiries to the three causes of murder before mentioned. And first, let us take up jealousy. Was the man handsome, was he even passably good-looking? was he young? was he attractive? What think you?’

‘To me,’ I replied, ‘he appeared to be none of these.’

‘Very well,’ continued THOMPSON, ‘at best, these are but suppositions; we will find out to-morrow, in a quiet way, a great deal more about him. You think then, we might dismiss jealousy?’

‘I do.’

‘Then, to my mind, he either had something worth coveting, or else he had done some one a real or supposed injury, and this was their revenge. From my experience, I am much inclined to favor this idea, and here are my reasons: he seemed to be a poor man; had he been a Jew, we might have found him working hard, notwithstanding immense, so to speak, latent wealth. Then again the Turks are an extremely jealous people, and from the crafty way this murder was conducted, I am disposed to think the culprit one of that nation. Here again, however, in my mind two ideas clash: I have some reason to think the offender a Bedawee; and if I am correct, I would be willing to bet, from your description of their character, that rapacity was the object; had it been revenge, a less open place would have been selected. To further this opinion, that it was covetousness of treasure, to which we are to ascribe the deed, I would call your attention to the room once more. Do you remember that there was a pile of bed-clothing in one corner untouched, although the three ottomans bore marks of a person having reclined on them? Now why were those clothes not used? You know that an inhabitant of these climes, even in the hottest weather, covers himself completely when he sleeps. May we not argue from this circumstance, however slight, that he did not intend to compose himself for a sound sleep. What was the motive?’

We must look for a strong one, for this people are not easily caused to forego rest. What motive stronger than on account of treasure? The blood dashed all around the apartment shows a struggle; the man was not sound asleep; he hears the assassin enter, he mingles the noise first with half-waking dreams, the thought of treasure arouses him, and he copes with his adversary. He is at disadvantage, however, and is at length overcome.'

'THOMPSON stopped; and after sitting, each absorbed in his own thoughts, we separated for the night.

'Early the next day we went into the bazaar, and found the Pasha's secretary holding forth to the multitude on the probable and improbable manners by which the deceased came to his death. We pushed into the room, not heeding his gestures or vociferations to the contrary. He was too busy to hinder us, for he had his hands full outside. On looking again carefully at the room, we found a mark under the head ottoman, as of a sack or bag being drawn across the floor; the mark was almost obliterated, but it was there nevertheless. The track was a narrow one. Now as the object had been dragged, it must have been heavy, and as it was a narrow track, the mind caught the idea of a money-bag at once. So far, so good. I was looking under the ottoman to see if there was any more treasure of the same sort, when my eye caught a small sparkling object. I drew it out, and found it a seal, with a piece of guard attached. I showed it to THOMPSON.

'Read the name!' he said.

'I did so: 'ALI EBN DAUD.'

'Do you know any such person?'

'Yes, that's our friend the secretary; I will return it to him now.'

'Are you a fool?' said THOMPSON, stopping me.

'I beg your pardon for my haste; but I was so excited at seeing that, that I did not know what I said.'

'Tell me this, was that guard on it when you found it?'

'It was.'

'Where do these folks wear their signets?'

'Round their neck by a guard.'

'Did you break this guard, or is it as you found it?'

'As I found it: I was —'

'Did you get that blood on it, or was it on?'

'I had not noticed any, but if there is any, it was on before.'

'Let us now go,' said THOMPSON. We pushed out, and now the secretary was as anxious to stop our retreat, as before to prevent our entrance. With an humble salaam, and pretending not to understand, we rode away. THOMPSON told me to direct the boys to guide us to the gate which leads to the Tombs of the MEMLUKS. I did so; and we soon were standing by the weazen-faced porter. THOMPSON stopped, and turning to me, said: 'Give the man a piaster, and tell him I lost an ass night before last, *pretty late*, with a sack on his back.'

'I did so. The porter, whose wit was sharpened by the bribe, asked what color the ass was. I interpreted to THOMPSON.

'Tell him all beasts are the same color at night, and then ask him over again.'

'I did so. The porter was a little ruffled by the species of answer I gave, and said pettishly: 'But one beast passed here after night, and that was a horse with *two* sacks, so I don't know any thing about your ass.'

'Ask if he did not go through without an order?'

'The porter was turning on his heel; but the sight of another piaster brought

him back, although it did not quite smooth his ruffled dignity; so he only answered: 'By the secretary's own order. Why?'

THOMPSON now took his turn at not answering, and rode toward the bazaars. I now began to see what he was driving at.

'When we came to a cobbler's stall, just round the corner from IBRAHIM's, THOMPSON dismounted, and with the blandest manner possible, invited me to come up with him and sit by the cobbler, and traffic for a pair of slippers. After taking pipes, (the cost of which you have included in your bill for shoes,) and making his purchase, THOMPSON proceeded to a systematic but unnoticed *pumping*. We gleaned from it that the departed IBRAHIM was not a man to cause jealousy, and had never for thirty years hurt any man by word or deed; and that on the day of his murder, *he had sold the secretary some lands, and had been paid for them*; and that in the evening, when the secretary had gone to take a receipt, *he had found the poor man dead*, which fact he did not give out until the next morning, *for fear of creating a disturbance*. I asked the man why he had not borne witness to these facts. He said his opinion was, that a Bedawee had murdered the man for the money he was known to possess at that time, and 'perhaps the same Bedawee might murder me, who knows?' and with a pious shake of the head he began a new topic.

'Cutting the interview short, we rode to our rooms to consult, and heard on our way thither at one of the Khans, that the Pasha's secretary had offered a reward for the discovery of the murderer.

'On our arrival at SHEPPARD's, we retired to my room and discussed the case at large. THOMPSON said he would like to bring matters to a better close, but had determined to go with a party of his friends on to Suez that night. On deliberation, we determined to send the secretary a 'notice to call.' I summoned the waiter, and quickly wrote the note. To our minds the evidence was complete; it showed that the secretary had bought lands of IBRAHIM, paid for them, and then had gone at night and murdered the victim to get the money back. All we wanted was his own confession. We then arranged that THOMPSON was to pronounce the sentence. He told me that the facts must be made public, and that as he was to leave Egypt that night, never to return, I might take all the honor in the morning. 'For,' said he, 'by that time my sentence will be executed.' He refused to enlighten me further.

'In about an hour the secretary walked in, rubbing his hands and looking flushed, (*perhaps* from rapid riding.) Every thing I said to him was at THOMPSON's dictation. Requesting him, therefore, to dismiss his attendants, with which wish he immediately complied, we bid him be seated. Through me THOMPSON said: 'You have offered a reward for the discoverer of IBRAHIM's murder: am I right?'

'You are.'

'If I know who he is, and draw up a contract, will you sign and seal it?'

'I will sign it.'

'And seal it, too?'

'Impossible!'

'Why so?'

'The man's tact did not fail him: he replied, 'that his seal was worn out, and was now being re-cut.'

'Very well: I know who the murderer was; and if you will *sign* the contract, I will *seal* it with this.' Here THOMPSON produced the seal.

'The secretary, wretched man, paled and blushed alternately: he was speech-

less. I interpreted for THOMPSON here as quickly as I could, (for I dreaded to hear the guilty man speak,) as follows:

'You were paying him his just due; you went to his house; you robbed and murdered him; you placed his body in sacks, and drove them by night into the desert; you thought you were not discovered; you offered a reward; do you see the blood on that signet; blood will not be silent; *that* betrayed you.'

'I ceased. He was dumb: he did not raise his eyes, nor did he endeavor to recover his ring. We sat in silence some time. At last he raised his head, and said: 'I did not wish to kill him.'

'I believe you,' responded THOMPSON; 'and now listen to your sentence. As yet, we three are all who know of the deed.' Here the poor fellow's eye brightened, quickly to be dimmed. 'Send for the money you took, and have it here, in this room, in one short half-hour; if you are here one instant later, all Cairo shall know the author of the deed.'

'He gazed vacantly at us for an instant, and then ran down-stairs: we heard his horse's hoofs dash rapidly across the road. I asked not any farther explanation from THOMPSON: he sat in silence; and I knew that a few minutes more would bring the last act of the tragedy on the stage. Punctually, and panting, ALI EBN DAUD was back with the blood-stained treasure. But instead of half-an-hour, an age seemed to have left its withering blight upon his features, as he stood to hear the rest.

'You have killed a man; one of ALLAH's beings,' said the judge; 'you have restored the treasure: instead of death, this is your sentence: Before the sun this day sets, you must leave Cairo, never again to return. As the morning gun is fired at the citadel, all Cairo must know the author of this horrid deed. Go!'

'He gave us one look, a look that will haunt me forever, and then left us, with the mark of CAIN on his forehead; a ruined man. What became of him I know not. THOMPSON and I parted, perhaps forever, that night; he to go to India by way of Suez; I to go up the Nile in a few days.

'The next day, by THOMPSON's instructions, I ferreted out the next of kin, and restored to him that to which he was heir, and gave him all the particulars of the sentence of the culprit. Great was the excitement when the secretary was found missing the next day, and great the feeling manifested when the author of the dark deed was discovered.

'My fame was uncomfortably great, when it was known that I had been in some degree the means of discovering and banishing the offender. So greatly was I inconvenienced, that I hastened my upward Nile voyage. GARDET was not at all pleased at my not having said *any thing* to him till it was all over; but, good-natured soul that he was, it did not disturb his equanimity long.

'And thus ends the mystery of IBRAHIM the cobbler.'

And 'all's well, that ends well.' - - - A MR. WILLIAM FERGUSON, a 'furriner,' has been writing a book upon this country, which he entitles '*America by River and Rail*.' MR. FERGUSON, we take it, was one of the better sort of a class known in England as 'commercial travellers.' He is no great writer, but has picked up a good deal of information in his travels, touching our hotels, etc. He was hospitably received by many of our most esteemed citizens; and he has not been over-careful in recording, or rather in omitting to record, what he saw: insomuch, we think, that if he were to return to us again, the salutation would be: 'It's all very well, Mr. FERGUSON, but you can't come in!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'A friend,' says the *Manchester (English) Guardian*, 'recently returned from America, mentioned to us the other evening, that while sitting at an inn in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, one day when he was on his way to Washington, the National Capital, he was much struck with the singular appearance of an old Guinea negro, 'black as the ace of spades,' who was attending to some menial duty in the travellers' room. His face was scarred and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seemed almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color resembled, more than any thing else, the paws of a wild animal, or the hands of an orang-outang. Our informant inquired of POMPEY what had occasioned these deformities.' 'Wal, dey *is* beformities, massa, dat's fac'. Wal, den, I'll tell you hew dey come, massa. 'Good many years ago, I was in lub wid a handsum black gal, and we was same as married; and one day I see a nigger comin' out o' de house. I knew dat man, an' uf I am a nigger I had my feelin's. I was full ob de debbil in my heart ag'in him, 'cos I know'd him, and I know'd where he worked — e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder-mill; and next day I went up dar. I went to de door and looked in, and dar I see him; an' I took a coal o' fire dat I had brought along, and frow'd it in on to de floor. Good Gwacious, massa, 'fore I could get away *mysef*, dere was de biggest flash o' lightin' I ebber see, and dat was de last I know'd any t'ing 'bout dat business for two months. 'T would a-been all right, dough, but de man 't was dar was not de nigger I t'ought! He's a dead nigger his-sef, dough, long ago; and I was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he'd got de best ob it; and he *did* got de best ob it, massa, dat's fac'; for I was n't de han'sumest nigger den dat dar was in Maryland — dat's sartin sure. E'yah! e'yah!' Now, if we are not much mistaken, *we* wrote that anecdote, years and years ago, *somewhere*: and it seems to have been 'conveyed' bodily to the '*Guardian*;' just as Captain MARRYATT 'appropriated,' ten years after WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK wrote, the capital story of '*Desperation*,' (the scene of which was also laid in Baltimore,) every incident, and most of the entire language, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source whence he derived them. In respect of which, the author of '*PETER SIMPLE*,' albeit he *did* write two or three excellent original articles for the KNICKERBOCKER, must be regarded as having been 'faulty.' - - - LISTEN again to our friend the Breakfast-Table Autocrat:

'I AM not ashamed to make you laugh, occasionally. I think I could read you something I have in my desk that would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before ARISTOPHANES or SHAKESPEARE. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed*! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts, and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition — something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to 'doom'

every acquaintance he met — that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I do n't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?

'No, no! — give me a chance to talk to you, my fellow-boarders, and you need not be afraid that I shall have any scruples about entertaining you, if I can do it, as well as giving you some of my serious thoughts, and perhaps my sadder fancies. I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir THOMAS BROWNE: 'EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF.'

'— I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old school-mate over the stern with the string of thought tied to him, and look — I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion — to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows — the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we out-grow all that we love.

'Do n't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbor and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions; her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by-and-by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another; the waves swept her deck, and as night came on, we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight — it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong but silent — yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug, with the skeleton arms, that comes out of the mist sooner or later, and takes us all in tow, grapples her, and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbor where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come.

'So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course.'

Admirable 'Autocrat!' - - - ONE of the preëminent characteristics of the mere verbal style of DICKENS, is his wonderful adaptation of names to his characters, and of simple sound to the sentences which they utter. Thus recently, in an exceedingly clever story of his in the '*Household Words*,' wherein he depicts a Smuggling Adventure on the English Coast, he describes, with great effect, a buccanier-spy, who has been sent on shore to assist in misleading and outwitting the '*Coast-Survey*,' on land. He is a Portuguese, who understands 'small English;' yet he is deemed reliable and is trusted: and he is to wake up the coast-guard in the morning. So, in the morning gloaming, the narrator, after a 'dream-rap' at his door, hears him, '*Sol-Jeer, Yupp!*' — which being interpreted, means, 'Soldier, get up.' We read this last night, saying what we have just said, to one or two friends around us, including our little near-about Six-Year Old Little Boy, who had n't gone to bed yet. We were going to town in the morning, and told him, not thinking that he would be awake, or if he were, that he would remember what we had re-

quested, to call us in time for the boat. Now, this morning, what do you think that little boy did? He woke us from a sound sleep, by a pull with his small, soft hand, at our '*stache*,' as he calls it, and these words, '*So-Jeer, Yu-u-upp!*' And this is the same juvenile, whom we have mentioned before, as not only willing, but even anxious, to come into the house at the commencement of a hard shower. We wish he could always remain as he is: we should like him not to grow any more. He is big enough; and he knows enough; and he is innocent. We don't wish ever to see him with a big gold watch-chain-and-key hanging down over extended abdominal proportions. He is 'all right' now. - - - 'You cannot convince a Frenchman,' (says a correspondent who sends us from New-Orleans a prospectus of '*The State, a Journal of the City and Parishes*,') 'that he is not an excellent English scholar: hence our Gallic litterateurs *will* always write their own prospectus-es. We give an extract:

'The list of the numerous french papers which since twenty years have raised and failed in New-Orleans, is so long that we will not undertake to describe them. We, therefore, acknowledge the just mistrust of the public when a prospectus for a new journal is presented to *him*. The editors, notwithstanding their pompous promises, their perspective patrons repulse them, at the only thought of their past deceptions. We have, therefore, hesitated before to decide the undertaking of the publication of the journal, '*The State*.' Even thus have we taken a share of the New-Orleans publicity; but when we were certain to have enough subscribers to commercial advertisement, so that a sufficient number should have permitted us to bring our enterprise at a *satisfactory end*. In first place, our wishes were that the merchants, who patronize us, be convinced that our publication will be such extended, either in the city or in the country, as in any other journal in this city. Moreover, we wish to give all the pecuniary guaranties as may be desired; guaranties which were never brought forth by any journal until now. We have, at least, done all *what* could possibly be done, to secure our enterprise, and that no one doubt of our sincerity for the success of our sheet.'

Confiding in the special 'patronizement' of the merchants of New-Orleans, the 'editor-proprietor' announces, that his collaborateur, 'M. DE SARD, a distinguished publicist, will assure, by his help, precious correspondences.' For the 'Programme of Disposition,' and 'Tariff of Advertisements,' we must refer the reader to the 'Prospectus' itself, which is widely circulated, we are given to understand, 'along the Mississippi and its tributaries.' But let us not smile at the simple lingual or orthographical errors of our French 'compatriots' on this side of the water. Our mistakes in their language are infinitely more ridiculous: yet they seldom excite laughter, and are corrected with characteristic courtesy. But this aside: Listen to the great RACHEL. ('Have you seen her *Camille*?') 'Yes.' '*Enough*.' She is writing from Havana, after leaving our metropolis; and amidst professional troubles in Cuba, is 'stretching out her wasted arms toward France:'

'I SHALL lead back all my hapless army, defeated and routed, to the banks of the Seine, and then I myself, like another NAPOLEON, shall go and die at the Invalides, asking only a stone to stay my head; but no, I am wrong—I shall find there my two guardian angels, my young boys. I seem to hear them calling me. Indeed I have been too long away from them, too far from their kisses, their caresses, their dear little arms, and God, who protects the angels, is forcing me home again. I regret my losses no more, nor my fatigues. I have carried my name as far as I could, and I shall take my heart back to those who love me.'

Let us not laugh at the mere word-errors of our French compatriots. They

very seldom laugh at bad French. - - - A NEW correspondent, and a facile rhythmist, sends us 'The City of the Ague,' a 'distinction' which he thus explains: 'The town of Circleville (Ohio) is one of the worst places in the world for the fever-and-ague. The writer having taken a 'chill' while passing through the place, some three years since, and not having been able as yet to 'shake himself clear of it entirely,' perpetrated the following.' What a risk we must have run, when, with a pleasant and hospitable party, we visited, 'summer-before-last,' a splendid mound-amphitheatre, near Newark, (Ohio,) which we were told was one of the circles, which, in almost regular succession, widen on to Circleville! But the 'Lines' are in order, at this present:

'By a route obscure and lonely,
Travelled now by stages only,
Stands a city dark and dreary,
Where the traveller, tired and weary,
Is met by people pale and sorrow,
With voices gruff, and coarse, and hollow,
And their eyes look wild and sunken,
And they act like people drunken,
Here at night, or noon, or morning,
Without a moment's warning,
That horrid thing will take you,
And 'twill shake you, yes 'twill shake you,
Shake with it once, you'll shake forever,
You'll stop shaking never, never!
It shakes the tops from off the houses,
Shakes the men from out their trowsers,
Shakes the hump from off the ladies,
Shakes the gow-gaws off of babies,
Shakes whate'er it takes a notion,
And it's ever after kept in motion;
Shaking once, 'twill shake forever,
'T will stop shaking, never, never!

'In this city dark and lonely,
'Mong these people lank and bony,
Half are doctors; yes, by thunder!
There are doctors without number;
But yet there's room for others,
For if each doctor had ten brothers,
And each brother had ten cousins,
And each cousin had theirs by dozens,
And all were doctors stout and healthy,
Every one would soon get wealthy;
For there's work enough for all folks,
Small ones, large ones, and tall folks,
All take turns and hold each other,
Father, mother, sister and brother,
Hold each other while they're shaking,
Shaking out quinine they've been taking,
And they'll shake forever after,
'To the land of the hereafter.'

'In this valley dark and lonely,
Haunted by this demon only,
The soil is rich and mellow,
Where these people, pale and sorrow,
Plant their corn when it is seed-time,
Eat their quinine when it's feed-time;
Eat it for breakfast, supper, and dinner,
And they keep growing thinner and
thinner,

'Cleveland, (Ohio), Jan. 18, 1858.'

Till their bones come through their body,
Till 't wont hold their whiskey-toddy,
Then it is they're gone forever,
Yes forever! ever, ever!

'Once there was, and always should be,
(If I had my way there would be,)
A spot where all these shakers
Met in a place of several acres,
More or less, I know not how much,
But yet I know there was such
A place, where every morning,
As the bell sent forth its warning,
In the circle* all 'd assemble,
There to tremble, tremble, tremble:
In they'd flock, like sheep to slaughter,
From across Scioto's water;
O'er this route so dark and dreary,
Came these people, tired and weary,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, and cousins,
Came in squads of tens and dozens,
Came a-flocking in together,
Both in fine and stormy weather,
Here to shake forever after,
'To the land of the hereafter.'

'Where is this place so dark and lonely,
Haunted by the Ague only,
Where people stout and hearty,
Of every politics and party,
As soon as they reach its border
Feel their system out of order,
Feel a something o'er them crawling,
To their senses most appalling?
Wandering pilgrim, cease to wander
Way down yonder, yonder, yonder,
'For this route, obscure and lonely,'
Travelled now by stages only,
Draws folks on as if by suction,
Draws them on to sure destruction.
Stay from off this route, I beg you,
Which leads to the City of the Ague,
Circleville the people call it
Since the ague did befall it,
Which has been forever, and ever,
And 't will leave it never, never,
And I warn you, and I beg you,
Shun this City of the Ague.

J. B. B.

* The old circle which used to surround the town.

'We shan't do anything else.' - - - How much may be expressed in a few words, conveying thoughts truly felt, and *accordingly* recorded! Regard this commencement of a notice of Dr. ELDER's Life of Dr. KANE, elsewhere reviewed in our present number. The brief sentences are from the pen of Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, of the New-York '*Tribune*' daily journal: 'No biography of Dr. KANE can equal the natural pathos and beauty of the almost unconscious personal revelations which gem the records of his voyages in the Arctic seas. He there appears to us in the maturity of his intellectual strength; his frail body inspired with fresh life by the impulses of a noble purpose; with a feminine sensitiveness of character, braving perils before which the stoutest heart might shrink; losing sight of his own personality in devotion to a humane mission; and in the darkest hours of a polar night, not only preserving his trust in Heaven, but alive to all genial sympathies, and with indomitable gayety of spirit, enlivening the gloomy scene by his cheerful presence.' - - - Dr. HALL, of the '*Journal of Health*,' says to his 'consumptive friends:'

'You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certifiers.'

Ah! but Doctor, suppose your 'consumptive friend' 'do n't seem to have no *appetite*,' as an octogenarian lady told us Major ANDRÉ did n't, when she offered him five beautiful peaches, on the morning of his execution! 'They was beautiful: he bit into one of 'em, smiled, and thanked me very polite; but *somehow or 'nother*, he *did n't seem to have no appetite*.' It may be so with many a 'consumptive friend,' and in *one* respect, for a similar reason: their hours are numbered, and they know it. - - - We can't be 'held:' *that* we have ascertained from counsel: but if there *be* any thing libelous in the following, our correspondent awaits a 'cartel': 'The Portsmouth and Concord Rail-road is the poorest, meanest, slowest, 'Goddestverzaken' road in all New-England. A few nights ago a Concord man went over this road, arriving at Concord, after innumerable and unaccountable delays, at eleven o'clock at night, two hours behind time. The conductor had had 'business' at every station, to the great annoyance of the five passengers, and had at one place taken in a string of '*smelts*,' (the smallest kind of fish, as every body knows.) Arriving at the hotel, the Concord passenger was inquired of, why the cars were late? 'Well,' said he, 'the conductor, (who stood by) has been retailing smelts on the way; when we arrived at Hookset, he found that instead of a half-dozen which he ought to have remaining, he had only five; so he took us back eight miles, to correct the mistake which he had made with a widow woman, to whom he had delivered thirteen for a dozen; and that made the train two hours late!' While we are going over this very road, next June, as we hope to do, to visit a friend, suppose we should be asked: 'Sir, when you published that scandalous story concerning this road and our conductor, in your Magazine, did you *believe* the story, Sir?' 'We *did*.' Do you *now* consider the statement true, Sir?' 'Ah! Sir, *that* is a different matter entirely!' - - - 'PUNCE' is going largely into 'MAXIMS.' Here are a few from his lips, which are pregnant with his deep wisdom:

'My son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer, namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

'It is the last air on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the player's head broken.

'How fleeting in the holidays is a leg of mutton! Still, a prelude of hard dumping is an antidote to appetite.

'It is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

'My son, when cabmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty; when an omnibus half-empty goes the same pace as a full one; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when your laundress gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four-and-twenty hours from touching any body's gin-bottle; when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off, and has his shaving-water brought without ringing more than five times for it; when the beef-eaters are all of them confirmed vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle — then, O my son! thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she does n't want it.'

CAN any of our friends inform us who is the author of the subjoined lines? They seem to us wonderfully melodious, and in thought extremely felicitous. We have consulted six different collections of poetry, American and English, without being able to find either the lines, or the name of their author:

'ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated —
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

'She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing:
Her words were three, and not one more;
What could DIANA's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
'Death! not inconstancy!'

'And then her two large languid eyes
She turned on mine, the devil take me!
I set the stream on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint FRANCIS would have been deceived
By such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand!'

If that is n't mellifluous, what is? - - - An esteemed friend and an old contributor, writing from Illinois, thus adverts to our late lamented associate: 'So, since I saw you, our kind-hearted and genial friend, Mr. HUESTON, has gone upon his long journey. Of course, residing at this distance from the city, I could not know him intimately; but in my brief visits to the Metropolis, I saw enough of him to convince me that he well answered the comprehensive description of an 'unpretending gentleman.' We cannot review the decrees of HEAVEN; but men of Mr. HUESTON's stamp are not so numerous that we can lose even one, without feeling that the world's stock of nobleness has been sensibly diminished. I hope the MAGAZINE is prospering under its new and evidently energetic management; for in the literary circle its loss could be hardly less felt, than the departure from a fire-side of a long-loved face.' The

'*Chicago Daily Journal*,' in a few desultory reflections, pays the following tribute to the same kindly spirit: 'They must miss his honest smile and quiet presence in the office where he sat so long: his cordial welcome and his earnest word. All that pertained to the KNICKERBOCKER were numbered among the household of his heart: its EDITOR, its Contributors, *Itself*. To him, it seemed in some sort a child; he would have gone sleepless and hungry for their sake and the MAGAZINE'S. Its plain blue cover was transmuted in his eyes to rich brocade; and the newly-printed pages, bright from Mr. CLARK'S revising eye, seemed to him sinless, like a new-born child. While other and more pretentious periodicals, that thrived in green, have wilted, his charge kept on the even tenor of its way. No GARRICK to make 'an alphabet of faces,' it wore the old expression that we learned, so long ago, to love; and so, and so far, it was like him whose death we now deplore. Mr. HUESTON was neither brilliant nor eloquent, as the world has it; but better than either, he was a good and true man. Simple in his heart as in his habits, sincere, earnest, and honest, he attracted friends who loved and respected him while living, and who will remember and regret him now that he is no more.' - - - Did our correspondent, 'KNIGHT-ERRANT,' really suppose that we could 'find among our manuscripts' his '*Lines to —: an Invocation*,' sent us, by his own showing, very nearly five years ago? Why, we should as soon think of looking for a black cat in a deep cellar, on a dark night, with a blind nigger holding a dark lantern, with the light out. We have received perhaps five thousand similar pieces since that was sent. - - - Two of 'our' boys, (writes a western friend) HI ANGEL and DICK WALKER, emigrated to the wilds of Minnesota. During the long winter evenings, they went to work and made up a lot of axe-helves. Being 'raw' hands at the business, the helves were any thing but saleable. Going to the nearest town, they tried in vain to dispose of them at the different groceries and stores. There was but one shop left, and HI, giving DICK instructions, went in alone. Inquiring of the shopman if he had any helves, he was informed that he had not. Blustering up, he inquired why he did not keep such things, and told him to buy the next dozen he came across and put them one side for him. After he had been gone some time, DICK went in and sold the helves. The shopman is undoubtedly keeping them. - - - We cannot oblige our CROCKET (Texas) correspondent in full, but we annex a few stanzas of the piece sent us, which will afford a 'taste' of the elegiac poem which adorned the poet's-corner of the '*Crocket Printer*' for January 15th, 1858:

'NOVEMBER is long to be remembered,
For the death of little LEVI CALVERT DUPREE,
It was on the twentieth day of November
In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

'Adieu! little LEVI: Heaven is your prize,
And Jesus your king for e'er praise in glory,
And we of this vain world lives in hope of Heaven
The golden streets of the New Jerusalem?

'T was in Eden that ADAM was doomed to die
For his disobedients in serving God:
And we of ADAM'S family must follow,
For dust we are, and to dust we must return.

'The day of resurrection is drawing nigh,
When we must rise from the tomb to meet Jesus
In the heavenly skies of eternal blyss.
And there to read titles to the mansions.'

And much more of the same sort. Doubtless Mr. 'KING D. D. SHIFFLETT' fancied he was writing 'poetry' when he penned these lines. - - - Or all places in the world seems to us that the CHURCH should be the very last for the exhibition of 'pride' and 'vain-glory.' 'LORD, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!' appears to be a supplication misplaced, when we behold such things. It is not a long time since, that we saw, in a metropolitan church, a stalwart, burly person, with head erect, 'eyes right,' and heavy tread; with squeaking boots, a fat wife, and a lean boy, (he had red hair, 'cow-licked' to a point over his scanty strip of forehead, like an incipient conflagration,) sweep down the aisle, enter their pew, open their gold-embossed, velvet prayer-books; and 'kneel before the LORD their MAKER!' That robust, 'pompious' father seemed to us to consider *Physical Devotion* the 'most acceptable service:' and yet, in the Psalter of that very day, the responses of which he pronounced with a most sonorous voice, looking around furtively now and then, upon the bending congregation, was this passage: 'HE hath no pleasure in the strength of an Horse, neither delighteth HE in any man's legs.' - - - WE desire to state, in justice to our old friend and correspondent, the author of '*The Hut*,' Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-artist, that the discontinuance of that interesting serial in these pages, arises in no respect from any fault of his own. Its suspension began when a good many *other* suspensions began; and its secret was, *curtailment*, or 'cutting one's coat according to one's cloth:' in other words, the publisher who was to succeed Mr. HUESTON, did not 'see his way clear' as to the expense of the requisite engravings for every month: nor does the present publisher. But '*The Hut*' will be completed, with all its intended illustrations, and published in book-form, in the coming season: and our readers shall hear of it, and *from* it. - - - An exceedingly simple and beautiful poem—a most 'vivid picture in little'—is the following, just received for the KNICKERBOCKER from our old friend, JAMES T. FIELDS, of Boston. It is a translation from the German:

'In the old Cathedral resting,
Two coffins press the stones;
One holds the great King OTTMAR,
And one the Poet's bones.

'High in his power, the monarch
Ancestral glories led:
The sword lies in his right hand,
And the crown upon his head.

'The minstrel near the proud king
Is laid in quiet sleep;
His lifeless hands enfolded,
His gentle harp to keep.

'Castles and towers are falling—
The war-cry thrills the land;
But the sword it moveth never
In the dead king's hand.

'Through valleys, sweet with blossoms,
Mild breezes float along,
And the poet's harp is sounding
In never-dying song.

J. T. FIELDS.'